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No. 36100

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1955.

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COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Moscow Accord

Now appear to stand in the way of a Four-Power agreement on the Austrian state treaty. The accord which the Austrian Chancellor, Herr Raab, and Russian officials signed in Moscow yesterday in effect gives it Soviet approval. The concession which has made the Moscow accord possible is Russia's withdrawal of her previous insistence that a certain number of occupation forces should remain within Austrian territory after the signing of the state treaty. But she has, apparently, extracted some sort of a quid pro quo from Herr Raab in the form of an assurance that Austria will refrain from seeking an Anschluss with Germany, and that she will not lend her country to foreign powers for the establishment of military bases. The Anschluss condition is rather meaningless in so far as it is already provided for in the terms of the proposed state treaty. Soviet interpretation of the clause, however, could be important. The draft 4-power treaty, for example, does not bind Germany from seeking an Anschluss with Austria, and if such a move were made and Austria failed to rebuff it in a manner desired by Russia, the Kremlin might consider it a violation of the treaty and act accordingly.

THE neutrality condition included in the Moscow accord is of greater interest to the Western powers because of the suggestion that it has been forced on Austria, and that Chancellor Raab has agreed to the concession solely in order to obtain Soviet signature to the state treaty.

Again the form and the spirit of the condition may well differ when it comes to Soviet interpretation. In long-term thinking the Russians may be endeavouring to prevent Austria from any sort of alliance with the West, irrespective of the circumstances of the day. The Soviet idea of neutrality usually means refusal to have truck with any country other than those within the Communist bloc. Herr Raab has reached an accord with Moscow because his country needs its freedom and sovereignty, but Austria would be fooling herself by believing that she will at the same time be entirely free from the sort of political pressure which the Kremlin is so adept in applying.

Newspaper Strike

Divine
Blessing On
Talks
SPECIAL MASS
ARRANGED

London, Apr. 15. Cardinal Griffin, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, announced tonight plans for a special Mass to seek God's blessing on talks aimed at settling London's 22-day-old newspaper strike.

The Archbishop made his announcement at the end of a day in which the strike leaders prepared plans to fight on despite the sacking of 20,000 fellow workers outside the strike.

Cardinal Griffin said he would celebrate Mass in the crypt of Westminster Cathedral on Monday morning to ask God's blessing on the deliberations between the Newspaper Proprietors Association and the two striking unions.

During the day the strike leaders representing 700 mechanics and electricians campaigning for higher wages made plans for a mass meeting tomorrow to pledge continued support for the stoppage after the failure of "peace" talks last night.

MAKING NO MOVE They made plain that they contemplated the moves which would lead to the strike during a day in which dismissal notices affecting 20,000 non-editorial workers on the national press took effect.

One of the two striking unions — the Communist-led Electrical Trades Union — also threatened today action which would hamper the activities of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

The ETU said its 40 members in the BBC would "work to rule" from midnight tomorrow to press their demand for official recognition.

Later tonight, however, the union called off this action with the resumption of talks on recognition with the corporation. Hitherto these talks have failed because of the union's refusal to accept the corporation's desire to settle all disputes by arbitration. — Reuter.

Resigns Office

Ankara, Apr. 15. — Mr. Fuad Koprulu, the Turkish Foreign Minister, has resigned today. But Mr. Koprulu remains in the government as Minister of State. Dr. Adnan Menderes, the Turkish Prime Minister, will also act as Foreign Minister. — Reuter.

EDEN'S ELECTION DECISION

Believed Influenced By Foreign Affairs PARTY PLATFORMS FOR CAMPAIGN FORECAST

London, Apr. 15.

Sir Anthony Eden has called a general election 18 months earlier than he needed to, and quarters close to the government said tonight that one reason for so doing is that the Prime Minister, saturated in foreign affairs from his many years as Foreign Secretary, feels now is the best time from the diplomatic point of view.

There may be fresh opportunities soon for negotiating high level talks with Russia and these could best be approached by a British government backed by a fresh mandate from the nation.

Mr. Clement Attlee, leader of the Labour Party at present touring Canada, and Mr. Herbert Morrison, his deputy now in Germany, have been told of the election decision by telegram.

The government is due to announce its budget for the coming year on Tuesday. The dissolution of parliament for the election means that the long debate on the finance bill implementing the budget proposals will be split into two parts.

The government will have time to get through parliament only the essential legislation needed to give the state enough money to carry on until after the election.

The more controversial Budget proposals will probably not be debated till after the new government — whether Conservative or Labour — has taken over.

The Conservative Party announced tonight its election machine was ready to go into action right away for the first May election since 1923. Conservatives are confident of victory in the forthcoming election for a variety of reasons.

STOCK HIGH

They believe Sir Anthony Eden has chosen a time to go to the country when their party's stock stands high, with the nation fully employed and generally prosperous. In recent county council elections the Conservatives gained many seats from Labour and captured control of five of the 12 county councils previously held by Socialists. But this may be no true indication of how a general election will go. For polling was only about 30 per cent.

A general election nowadays brings out about 80 per cent of the voters. The poll will also come only a few weeks after a bitter wrangle within the Labour party over whether the left-wing leader, Mr. Aneurin Bevan, should be expelled for flouting official party policy. He was cast out of the Parliamentary Labour group but the National Executive, Labour's ruling body, allowed him to stay in the Party after he had promised to abide by Party rules.

Conservatives think the feud between Labour's right and left wings has only temporarily been patched up and this may lose Socialists many of the wavering voters who are the key to success or failure in the election.

MAIN PLAN

The Labour party is likely to fight the general election mainly with the accusation that the Conservative government has failed to hold down the cost of living and that under its policies

the Conservatives will claim in their campaign that under their administration in the last four years their "peace through strength" policy has improved international relations and reduced the dangers of a new war.

They will claim also that inflation has been curbed and that the nation now living within its means is breaking all industrial production records. Conservatives say that under their rule wages have risen faster than prices and the cost of living has remained much more stable than under previous Labour administrations. They will boast of having wiped out controls and restrictions and abolished food rationing, a big election point will be that they have carried out their last election pledge to

build more than 300,000 houses a year. Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, former Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer, commented tonight the "real reason" for calling an election was that "the government are worried about the economic situation." He added: "They want to get the election over quickly before unemployment increases and people understand the falseness of Tory propaganda."

OFFICIAL LEADER

Sir Anthony Eden will be elected official leader of the Conservative Party at a meeting of over 1,000 members of the Party in London next Thursday. They will include all Conservative members of parliament, peers, official Party candidates for the election and the Executive Committee of the National Council of Conservative and Unionist organisations.

The Prime Minister and Lady Eden are to spend the weekend as guests of Queen Elizabeth at a house party. She is giving at historic Windsor Castle.

Sir Anthony Eden will return to London on Monday for a Cabinet meeting to discuss the budget. Mr. Aneurin Bevan declared tonight: "If Sir Anthony intends to countenance any dissension in the Labour Party as giving him any cause for extra optimism, he is making a great mistake. He will be contradicted by a united Labour movement. The Labour Party machine is fully geared up and we shall give a good account of ourselves."

Mr. Clement Davies, the Liberal Party leader who is ill in London, tonight sent a telegram to the Liberal Party conference meeting at Llandudno, North Wales, declaring: "The fight is on and it is always the fight of Liberalism against the rest. We shall and must win."

Liberals have 124 candidates ready. — Reuter.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Look inside for these highlights of today's feature section:

P. 5: A new grass in Hongkong — Chinese crosswords, by Tony Motin.

P. 7: Back-room boys of Hongkong's CID: William Sway's second article.

P. 8: Did it Happen? Nigel Balchin begins a new series telling you about the "Dover Incident."

P. 11: Wanted: Winston Churchill, Dead or Alive Reward £25, by L.D. de Haas who signed the reward proclamation in 1899.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

TUNISIAN HOME RULE IN SIGHT

Paris, Apr. 15.

The Tunisian Premier, Mr. Tahar Ben Ammar, announced today that a successful conclusion of home rule negotiations was only hours away and France prepared to take a major step toward peace in North Africa.

"I have the impression that we have come to the end," he said.

Both M. Edgar Faure, the French Premier, and Mr. Ammar were red-eyed from night-long discussions of outstanding disagreements at the Premier's official residence at the Hotel Matignon.

M. Faure himself conferred with the Tunisian Resident-General, General Boyer de la Tour. Both rejoined the main negotiations early tonight.

The delegations of both countries have been hammering out an agreement of eight months ever since the former Premier, M. Pierre Mendes-France, flew dramatically to Tunis with home rule proposals for the terrorist-ridden protectorate.

Success in Tunisia was the cornerstone of France's entire effort to pacify her other North African territories of Morocco and Algeria where terrorism and nationalist agitation have been rife since World War II. The agreements would keep defence and foreign affairs in the hands of France, but all other authority would be handed over to Tunisians. — United Press.

OFFICIAL VISIT

Augusta, Georgia, Apr. 15. — Mr. James Hagerly, presidential press secretary, announced here today that the Prime Minister of Thailand, Field Marshal Pibul Songgram, would be the guest of the United States Government on an official visit to Washington from May 2. — Reuter.

FISHING RIGHTS CONFERENCE Unofficial Sino-Japanese Agreement Announced

London, Apr. 15.

The Japan-China Fishery Association of Japan and the China Fishery Association today signed an agreement in Peking on the question of fishing in the Yellow Sea and the East China Sea, according to the New China News Agency.

A communique issued jointly by the two associations today said talks were held from January 13 to April 15 "in a spirit of friendship, and mutual understanding."

After thorough consultation an agreement was signed in Peking today, it said.

"The delegations of the China Fishery Association and the Japan-China Fishery Association of Japan, have made reasonable arrangements in accordance with the principles of equality, mutual benefit and peaceful co-existence, regarding the question of fishing in certain areas of the Yellow Sea and the East China Sea," the communique stated.

The agreement contained provisions regarding the maintenance of harmony and order in fishing operations, regarding measures for dealing with fishing vessels anchoring in each other's harbours as occasioned by emergency and the rescue of fishing vessels in distress at sea and regarding the exchange of fishery data and technique. — The New China News Agency said.

ONLY PROVISIONAL This agreement gives expression to the desire of the fishing circles of both China and Japan for mutual understanding and friendly co-operation. It is a contribution to the improvement of Sino-Japanese relations and the growth of friendship between the two peoples," the communique added, quoted by the agency.

"As normal relations have not yet been restored between China and Japan, the fishery

agreement reached... can only be provisional and limited in character. This being so the China Fishery Association and the Japan-China Fishery Association of Japan, in carrying out this agreement into effect, are willing, at the same time, to urge their respective governments to hold Sino-Japanese fishery negotiations promptly with a view to signing a fishery agreement between the governments of the two countries." — Reuter.

"WE SHALL BE FREE"

— Raab

Vienna, Apr. 15. — Herr Julius Raab, Austrian Chancellor, returned to his rejoicing country from Moscow today and told the people who have lived under occupation for 17 years that "we shall be free."

Over 3,000 people gathered at the aerodrome in the Soviet-occupied zone to welcome his government delegation, which had been preceded by reports of many Soviet concessions for Austria's independence. Other crowds lined the 20-mile route into Vienna to cheer the Chancellor and his leading ministers who have been negotiating in Moscow since April 12. After being greeted off the Soviet plane by Herr Franz Thoma, Agriculture Minister, who has been deputising for him, Chancellor Raab said "We are bringing good news."

"I am addressing all you Austrians in the mountains, in the towns, and throughout the whole country. We are bringing you good news."

After a tremendous burst of applause had died away, he continued: "We shall be free; and the Austrians still imprisoned in Russia — they will be free too." — Reuter.

Another Atomic Explosion

Las Vegas, Apr. 15.

A new atomic explosion in the 1955 US series of tests was set off today to determine the resistance of vehicles and other machines placed at varying distances from the explosion.

The explosion was triggered off on a 40-foot tower in a section of the Nevada desert called "Frenchman Flat." In the city of Las Vegas some 15 miles away, observers saw a large white flash, and a rose-coloured mushroom-shaped cloud which climbed quickly into the sky. — France-Press.

See
JAPAN
AT HER TRADITIONAL BEST
CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME
"SAKURA" the magic name of Cherry Blossom... See Japan at the height of her Spring Beauty — JAL American Airlines DCB's leave Hong Kong every Tuesday and Saturday. Make your reservation NOW.

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CANTON HOUSE, DUBBEL STREET, HONG KONG. TELEPHONE 2324.
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HILLMAN
PRESENT
5 new leaders in the
light car class

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THERE'S A CAR for everybody in the new Hillman high performance range! The exciting new De Luxe saloon, the Californian and the Convertible have a powerful new O.H.V. engine giving better acceleration and a top speed of 75 m.p.h., yet cost no more to run. Road holding and cornering stability is greatly improved. Look at the elegant lines, roomy body, spacious boot, and ask yourself if there's better value anywhere. See us now.
White-well tyres, over-riders and stainless roof-rails available as extras.
NEW HILLMAN O.H.V. DE LUXE SALOON Illustrated here — the finest of all light cars.
NEW HILLMAN O.H.V. CONVERTIBLE Root in the sunshade — laugh at the rain!
NEW O.H.V. CALIFORNIAN Looked at or looked out of — the view is superb!
NEW HILLMAN SPECIAL SALOON Economical to buy and a pleasure to run!
HILLMAN ESTATE CAR The roomy, all-purpose car that's more as well!
Now low Price!
MINX SPECIAL SALOON For the utmost in economy there is the new Special saloon with the well-powered 1000 cc. 4-cylinder engine, and all the famous Hillman features giving lively performance and years of trouble-free, comfortable motoring. See us now — this week for certain.

Sequel to Sport

Every sport has its special fling, from polo to pole-vaulting, from deck-tennis to squash. Yet strange to say, there are few phrases to describe that pleasant part of all, when a man cools off in the clubhouse and holds his inquest on the game. Golf has its Nineteenth Hole; of course, but cricket has no Eleventh Wicket, or rugger a Third Half.
Perhaps it is not so strange after all. For how can words really describe the bliss of sinking into a deep chair and relaxing the stiffened muscles one by one? Or of rewarding the paroled issues with that first long glass of Rose's Lime Juice, led to the frosting point?

ROSE'S Lime Juice
— MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE

KING'S * PRINCESS

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. // at 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

OPENS TO-DAY



★ TO-MORROW ★

KING'S 5 SHOWS
"NAKED ALIBI"
Extra Show at 11.30 a.m.
Regular Prices

PRINCESS' AT 11.00 a.m.
"TOM & JERRY"
M-G-M Tech. Cartoons in
CinemaScope
Reduced Prices

GRACE KELLY

ACADEMY AWARD WINNER

for her best performance in the Dramatic
Thunderbolt of the Year!

MAGNIFICENT ACTING...POWERFUL EMOTION...SUPERB DRAMA!



THE COUNTRY GIRL
Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG - Written for the Screen and Directed by
GEORGE SEATON - From the play by Clifford Odets - A Paramount Picture

Coming to KING'S * PRINCESS * EMPIRE!

EMPIRE

COMMENCING TO-DAY

3 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30 & 9.30 P.M.



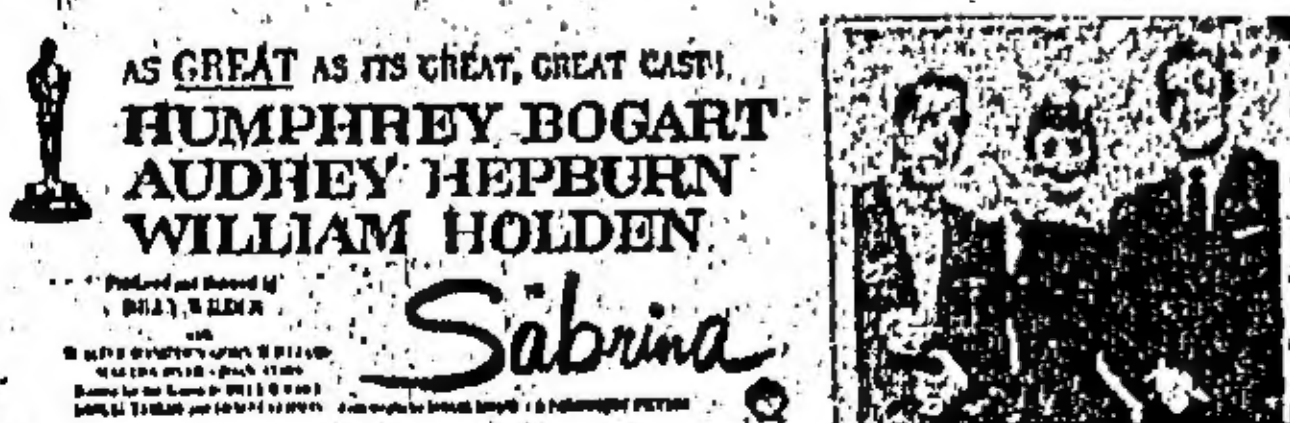
TO-MORROW MATINEE AT 12.00 NOON

WENDELL COREY in

"THE GREAT MISSOURI RAID"

Reduced Prices: \$1.00, 70 Cts. & 40 Cts.

CAPITOL RITZ

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
ON PANORAMIC SCREEN

CAPITOL SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 A.M.

An Indian Triumph "NEEL KAMAL"

With Ray Kapoor, Begum Para, Mumtaz

Admissions: \$3.50, \$2.40, \$1.50

Released thru Gian Singh & Co. M.K. Ltd.

FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

In "The Naked Alibi"

Sterling Hayden is a lone

wolf tracking down a killer.

It is perhaps difficult for

some of us to understand

how an independent force

such as the Police can be at

the mercy of political

intrigue, but from the Holly-

wood point of view it seems

to be quite commonplace.

When we talk of "politics"

a picture of the House of

Commons possibly springs

to mind with Honourable

Gentleman and even Right

Honourable Gentlemen stab-

bing at each other with

words. On the screen it

usually means a Big Boss at

the City Hall—sometimes

a racketeer, more often a

vote-conscious party poli-

tician on the verge of an

election—dictating his

personal policies to the ad-

ministration and hiring and

firing top Police officials

with the unpredictability of

a buyer at an auction sale.

Victim of one of these moves

from the body running his city

is Sterling Hayden. Given

orders to clean up the town, he

is nevertheless thrown out of

his job for being too brutal

with suspects who, though

guilty, always have a cast-iron

alibi.

Some attempt is made in this

picture to make this lonely,

self-sufficient automation come

to life. He's not just the con-

ventional cop hunting the man

he believes to be guilty so that

he can return to the organiza-

tion that threw him out and

prove that he was right, and

Sterling Hayden gets the feel

of the role well. We haven't

seen enough of this actor to

decide whether he really mer-

its the title—his roles in the past

haven't called for much more

than height (he is six feet four)

and a pleasant voice—but "The

Naked Alibi" at least holds out

a promise that there is more

to him than has previously

been used.

Incorporated into the act is

a very clever parody of the

jazz tune "Ace in the Hole"

by Gloria Grahame who is once

more true to type. It would be

amusing to see her in, say, a

Mrs. Miniver role, but she does

so well as the good bad girl

with the odd unexpected line of

dialogue that it would perhaps

be a pity to change the tune

just yet.

Gene Barry is the villain,

convincing in the early stages

of the picture, but surrendering

to the melodrama of his lines

as the picture draws to its cor-

pse-strewn close.

A Human Problem

More than half the first run
cinemas are giving us pictures
this week-end that have some
appeal for the mind as well as
the eye.

"The Divided Heart" brings
to the screen a dramatized
version of the problems dealt
with by the United States Court
of the Allied High Commission
for Germany. It was a difficult
decision for the Court.

Two women claim the right
to provide for the future of an
eight-year-old boy. Both have
equally strong cases, and both
have suffered in the past from
trying to protect him.

He is in reality a Yugoslavian
boy whose father was shot as a
Partisan by the Germans when
the child was a few months old.
His sisters were taken away,
never to be heard of again and
his mother was sent to a con-
centration camp. The horror of
the child's existence, until
adopted by its young German
father parents some three years
later is left to the imagination.
As the boy at eight years, Michel
Ray is extremely good, but
Martin Keller (portraying the
displaced child at the age of
three) registers such dumb
terror at the sight of a German
uniform and a lighted cigarette
that it made me feel uncomfort-
able that any child should have
to go through such obviously
real emotion for the sake of a
screen performance.

Having learned to trust and
love his new parents, the boy
at eight is happy in his home
in the Bavarian Alps with his
school friends, his ski lessons
and the interesting business of
growing up, when suddenly two

visitors interrupt the
peaceful life with the news
that his real mother is alive,
has traced him and wants him
back.

When the two mothers face
each other in the Courtroom it
is apparent that both have suf-
fered much and that although
nothing can right the wrongs
done so the Yugoslavian
woman or repay the love and
devotion of the German, one
of them is going to have to
lose her child.

Good performances come from
every one of the players.
Gentleness and sympathy from
German Cornell Borchers and
Austrian Armin Dahlen as the
foster parents, and fire, bitter-



Susan Hayward and Richard Egan together in "Untamed".

ness and intensity coupled with
a pathetic childlike quality from
Yvonne Mitchell as the real
mother.

There are very few conven-
tional trimmings to this picture,
the backgrounds are austere (it
was filmed by Ealing Studios in
Yugoslavia) and the interiors
simple, but in spite of slipping
at times into sentimental it
has obviously made with less of
an eye to the money it would
earn than with the intention of
faithfully presenting a human
problem.

Graham Greene Again

Hongkong is doing well by
Graham Greene. A few weeks
ago we had "The Heart Of The
Matter", a few days ago "The
Stranger's Hand" and now,
"The End of the Affair".

From the point of view of
action and story, the former
two outweigh the current film,
but as a picture to provoke
thought and discussion it has
it over the other two.

It has Graham Greene's
favourite ingredients: the hus-
band, wife and lover; the sense
of sin; conflict between worldly
desire and the teaching of the
Roman Catholic religion; and
the inevitable sense of doom.

This is a combination that
should pack a pretty powerful
punch. Anything secretive has
an instant appeal, especially in
the cinema, and illicit love has
the biggest pull of all. Alibi
this with a religious strain
bearing on one of the guilty
parties and right up to the
final reel, in spite of lack of
action, the audience should be
kept on tenterhooks wondering
how the situation will be
resolved.

Deborah Kerr's motives keep
you guessing. Is she a light o'
love, married to a serious civil
servant, but flinging herself
wildly into affair after affair
until she tires of her prey and
returns to her unservant
husband? Or is she a passionate
woman, torn by a desire for a
God she can really believe in
and a man with whom she can
share not merely a house and
name, but her whole life.

With the licence granted the
camera to show only what the
director wishes the audience to
see, the feelings and actions of
Deborah Kerr are purposely mis-
leading. Sometimes we pity her
and believe in her, and at others
she seems a calculating harpy.
Edward Dmytryk (the director)
plays with our susceptibilities in
the anticlerical manner of a
puppet master, except that he
creates the illusion that we, the
audience, and not the cast, are
dangling from the string in his
fingertips.

I particularly like his trick of
showing the same sequence of

events from two different view-
points.

Deborah Kerr handles her
role with a awareness of touch
that combines femininity with
strength. One feels that here is
a worldly girl, trying against the
urge of her nature to find the
truth—occasionally glimpsing it,
stumbling, losing it and at
times hating the God who is
making things so difficult for
her. In spite of the fact that
the case of Belief versus
Atheism is not proved, we can
sympathize with her struggle.

The problem of the religious
nettle is almost impossible to
treat convincingly on the
screen. If one of the actors is

with Deborah Kerr in these
scenes the picture rises above
the ordinary, but when the re-
ligious angle creeps in, his in-
tellect seems to desert him and
he behaves like a schoolboy.

John Mills' little part in the
picture, though a cameo in it-
self, would have been better
cut. He is a private detective
and although his evidence
is material to the story, his
character is not, and the casting
of an actor of John Mills
 calibre in the role gives it an
importance out of proportion
to its bearing on the story.

Western in Natal

If you have not yet been to
see "Untamed" and you like
your westerns on a grand scale
with a slightly different twist
from the usual US Cavalry
versus the Indians theme, then
the Rocky and Broadway will
have what you're looking for.

The principals have little
more to do than stride through
the fighting, looking brave and
defiant—and in Susan Hay-
ward's case attractive in the
South African equivalent of
gingham—but the change of
scenery from the well-worn
Arizona desert is welcome.

The Zulus charge on foot at
a long loping run, but the drum-
ming of their spears against
their shields, their deep-throated
menacing cries as they advance,
and their more powerful build
seem much more terrifying than
the mounted charges of the Red
Indians.

The squareness and solidity
of the mountains of Natal photo-
graph well and Henry King has
managed to catch the vastness
and grandeur of the country that
lay open to these early settlers.

Faced with large-scale com-
petition from the new wide
open spaces, Susan Hay-
ward tries hard to look like an
aristocratic Irish girl who will
what she wants. Tyrone Power
as a writer again, as in "The Last
Time I Saw Paris" should
have been made of sterner stuff.
His bewilderment has nothing
of the adult about it. As the
lover he is on safe ground and

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOPER and LIBERTY: "The Last Time I Saw Paris". Sentimental, yet difficult to resist. Van Johnson, Elizabeth Taylor, Donna Reed and Walter Pidgeon.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Naked Alibi". A killer at large and the chase leads to the Mexican border. Sterling Hayden, Gloria Grahame and Gene Barry.

LEE: "The Divided Heart". Moving story about a displaced child. Cornell Borchers, Yvonne Mitchell and Armin Dahlen.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Modern Times". The world famous clown playing in one of the pictures that made him famous. Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The End of the Affair". Graham Greene's triangle set in war-time London with religion intervening. Deborah Kerr, Van Johnson and Peter Cushing.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Untamed". A South African western on a grand scale. Susan Hayward, Tyrone Power and Richard Egan.

COMING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Country Girl". Two people fighting to restore the self-respect of a drunken actor. Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly and William Holden.

HOOPER and LIBERTY: "Bad Day at Black Rock". Dis-mounting at a whistle stop a stranger stumbles on a four-year-old mystery. Spencer Tracy and Robert Ryan.

LEE: "The Secret Heart". Siennance from Mexican stars Dolores del Rio and Pedro Armendariz.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "They Rode West". A doctor attached to the US Cavalry tries to befriend the Indians. Robert Francis, Donna Reed, May Wynn and Phil Carey.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Racers". The lives and loves of the men who live for the excitement of car racing. Kirk Douglas, Bella Darvi, Cesar Romero and Katy Jurado.

ROXY & BROADWAY

NOW SHOWING—THE 9th DAY!

Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

UNTAMED



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon
Marlene Dietrich
Mel Ferrer
In
"RANCHO NOTORIOUS"

BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m.
M-G-M Presents
Tom & Jerry
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
In CinemaScope
For Young & Old!

— Reduced Admission —
Roxy: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts. Broadway: \$1.20 & 70 Cts.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY

FROM NOW ON ALL LOVE
STORIES WILL BE
MEASURED
AGAINST
THIS ONE...



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA

• 5 SHOWS •
"THE END OF THE AFFAIR"
EXTRA PERFORMANCE
AT 11.30 A.M.

AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY
WB's Technicolor
"Calamity Jane"
with Doris DAY
— At Reduced Prices —

LEE Theatre

AIR-CONDITIONED, OZONIZED AND WARM

FINAL TO-DAY

DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

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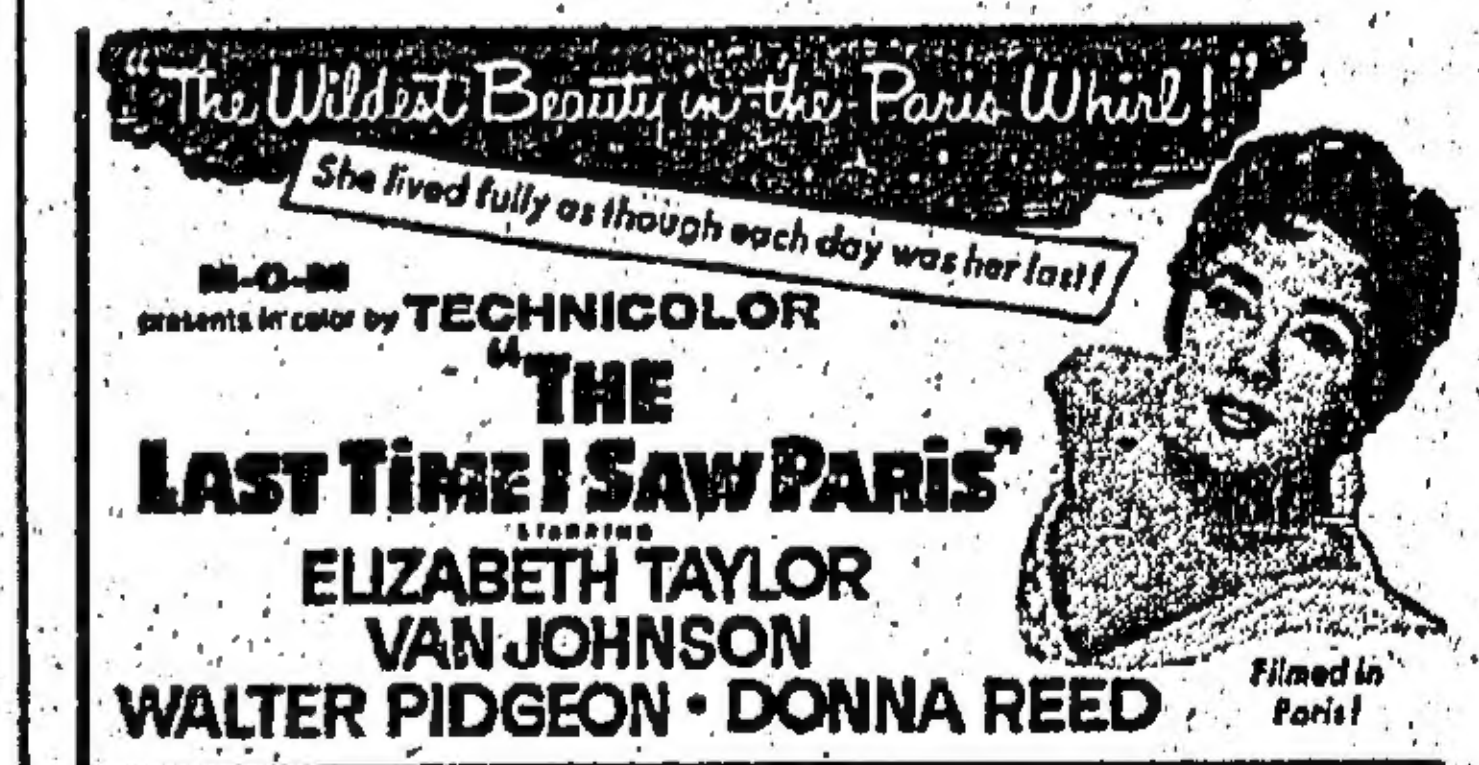
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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

It's Hard To Pick America's New Look Missionaries

New York.
If you try to picture a missionary in a foreign land you might conjure up a sombre man in black, umbrella in hand, standing piously under a palm tree.

This stereotyped, impressive image in an untold number of minds, is as old as the three-masted schooners that used to carry evangelists to out-of-the-way ports along the world's trade routes.

It is also so outdated, according to Dr. Alford Carleton, Executive Vice President of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Missionaries are as plentiful as ever, but you would hardly recognize one these days without a guidebook.

He might be serving on the faculty of a native university in India... helping run an African hospital staffed by native doctors... organizing a social club for teen-agers in an Arab village.

Theology Not Enough

"The missionary's call has always been to be of help where help is needed," Dr. Carleton said. "It still is. What has changed is the kind of help that is needed."

Dr. Carleton explained the new look in missionaries during a trip from his Boston headquarters to attend a New York meeting of the division of Foreign Missions of the National Council of Churches. The board

on which he serves as executive Vice President is the foreign mission arm of the congregation of Christian Churches. "For a missionary today it is not enough to proclaim the gospel in the old sense," said Dr. Carleton, who in a native grey suit might have been taken for a prosperous business executive. "The need is to express the gospel—to carry it out with conviction among foreign people."

An education in theology is often not enough for an aspiring missionary in 1955. There is an increasing demand for specialists—technicians, doctors, nurses.

Many countries of Asia and Africa now have their own national churches which carry on the evangelical work once practised by missionaries from Europe and America. Burma, for example, is sending out its own missionaries to the primitive areas of Indonesia.

Christian missionaries used to be the only representatives of Western culture in many Oriental communities. Today the activities of American diplomatic and business missions abroad have made the Christian worker only one of many representatives of the Western world.

No Axe To Grind

"The Christian missionary often finds himself in the position of explaining to native people what American diplomats and businessmen are doing in their country," Dr. Carleton said. "The missionary has no axe to grind, and the people trust him."

A century ago when a missionary left America there was great weeping and wailing at the boat. His friends never expected to see him again.

Today an American missionary may travel to his post by plane and return for a visit home every few years. Wherever he is, he is as close to the outside world as the radio at his elbow.

Living can still be primitive, tough, and dangerous. Dr. Carleton himself came home only a few years ago after

serving 30 years in the troubled Near East and can spin many a yarn about brushes with trigger-happy natives.

"Right now when we send a missionary to Formosa he must do a lot of soul-searching," Dr. Carleton said. "Would you take your family to Formosa tomorrow?"—United Press.

Vegetarianism No Ground For Divorce

Cairo.
The fact that a husband is a vegetarian and tries to induce his wife to adopt a vegetarian diet is no reason for divorce, according to a judgment delivered by the Sharia (Moslem) court.

The young wife of a senior employee in a leading company applied for a divorce on the grounds that her husband was misguidedly that he had adopted vegetarianism and had imposed the same thing on her. As a result, she added, in her plea, she had not tasted meat, fish, or any other animal product since she married him. She claimed she was growing weak and had lost weight. She produced a medical certificate stating that she weighed 180 lbs on her wedding day and that on the day she made her application to the court, her weight was only 90 lbs. Her husband explained he did not spend a single piastre on any animal product, but he bought his wife everything she needed, including vegetables which were "much more healthy."

The court rejected the application for a divorce and said in its findings that the wife had admitted that her husband bought her all her requirements of vegetable products. "Her husband says that a man who eats vegetable produce lives longer on the average than one who eats animal produce," the court judgment said.—United Press.

Food Inspectors' Blitz Hits Argentina's Fashionable Restaurants

Buenos Aires.

The gourmets and gluttons of Buenos Aires took little notice last November when the municipality announced a campaign for more cleanliness and fresher food in restaurants.

Argentines love to tell the old one that goes like this: "We don't eat to live. We live to eat." The saying is not made any funnier but is given considerable support by a United Nations chart which shows Argentina as one of the world's best fed countries.

So who is going to complain about a few cockroaches and now and then a beefsteak with a blue tinge?

The food fans soon found out. Before the end of November, city inspectors started making themselves hated by many a restaurant owner. If the inspector was only slightly repulsed by what he saw and sniffed, he merely fined the restaurateur. If he was scandalized, but realized that after all it could be worse, he closed the restaurant for five days. And if it was a case of "let me out of here, quick," the inspector prescribed both a fine and a five-day closing.

Nothing Sacred

Apparently nothing is sacred. The kitchen of "El Tropezon" was found to be less distinguished than its clientele. "El Tropezon" is the round-the-clock restaurant where senators and deputies gather from the nearby Congress building almost every midnight. For five nights the legislators had to argue off the record in some other dive.

"Chez Daniel," a tiny French place with red and white checkered table cloths and real pastries, was fined and closed. It is one of the favorite dining out spots of Vice-President Alberto Frías. When Soviet writer Ilya Ehrenburg, a long-time Paris resident, was in Buenos Aires for a week last year, he left the Russian embassy only once. He dined at "Chez Daniel."

The list continues:
• "Loprete," famous for its spaghetti—fined.
• "Amerio," whose speciality is candlelight and wine—fined.
• "Grill del Espanol," food mecca for rich Spaniards—closed.

To date 78 public eating houses have been caught with dirty faces and the inspectors are looking for more. It will not be known until they start around a second time whether the campaign is succeeding.—United Press.

Costly Murder Trials

Montgomery, Ala.
The cost of the murder trials for the slaying of crusader Albert Patterson, which may run on for months, will have to be borne by Russell (Phenix City) County even though they were switched to Birmingham.

Alabama Attorney-General John Patterson, son of the slain man, ruled that Russell County will have to foot the bill even though much of Phenix City's revenue was wiped out by the sweeping cleanup of vice and crime.

The elder Patterson was slain in Phenix City.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"I've tried to teach Robert to save—but all I ever can get out of his bank are a few pennies!"

10,000 Boy Scouts Will Attend Canada's World Jamboree

Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Plans are now rolling smoothly in preparation for an invasion by 10,000 Boy Scouts from 57 countries who will take over a square mile of historic parkland for a 10-day World Jamboree starting on August 18.

Canada will play host to this eighth annual festival, and no invitation has brought enthusiastic responses from Scout groups all over the world, including those in 40 parts of the Commonwealth.

Headquarters in Ottawa have drawn up a partial menu for the boys including 20 tons of meat, 150,000 loaves of bread, 140,000 quarts of milk and 250 tons of potatoes.

There will also be 250 tons of hot dogs, 40,000 pies, 10,000 jars of pickles, 400,000 cakes and 175,000 jars of jam.

The scouts will bring their own camping equipment and while down in the park where General Isaac Brock bled his forces during the War of 1812. They'll set up 10 miniature cities each with 1,000 tents and government.

Special Stamp

Canada will issue a special stamp to commemorate the occasion. Organizers have arranged excursions, accident and sickness insurance, medical attention and 31 meals for each boy for a fee of \$30.00.

Other countries also have been busy with their plans for the Jamboree. About 2,000 delegates from Great Britain, Sweden, Norway and Denmark have chartered a Norwegian ship to bring them to Canada. The Indian contingent expects to stay away from home for five months.

Among the other countries represented will be Mexico, France, Italy, Switzerland, South Africa, Jamaica, Venezuela and Germany. Canada's participation will be limited to 8,500 scouts.

In Ottawa, meanwhile, it has been announced that the coun-

try's Boy Scouts last year numbered 174,686, up 16,463 from the year before and a 60 per cent jump in the last five years.

More Join

National headquarters said that Scout units now totalled 6,974, including 3,691 Wolf Cub packs, 2,995 Scout troops and 288 Rover Scout crews. The year-end census showed the packs up 352, the troops up 235 and the crews up 29 from the previous year.

The totals embraced six overseas Scout groups. They serve the sons of Canadian servicemen and one recently formed boasts a roster of some 200 boys whose fathers are with the 1st Canadian Infantry Brigade at Seest, Germany.

The latest headquarters figures also showed that volunteer adult Scout leaders in Canada now number 18,449, a gain of 2,167 over the 1953 strength and a 66 per cent increase since January 1, 1950.

Gloomy Subways Get Light

New York.
Paris has been experimenting with perforated air in its subway stations, but the Transport authority's gift to New York strap-hangers is not so exotic. It is simply light.

White paint and fluorescent lighting fixtures are making subway platforms so bright that passengers report they can actually read a paper now without getting eye-strain.

The Transport authority says the programme will be extended until all the catacomb-like stations are lighter and brighter.—United Press.

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"RELATIVE VALUES"

By NOEL COWARD

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THE FUNNIEST MAN OF THEM ALL

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

THE FUNNIEST MOVIE OF THEM ALL
"MODERN TIMES"

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



"THAT'S a tricky one!" Sir Anthony Eden, the new Prime Minister, seems to be saying to Opposition leader Mr. Clement Attlee at a London luncheon soon after his assumption of his new post. Mr. Attlee seems to be doing some deep thinking as well. (Express)



THE Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. R. A. Butler, is seen here with the well-worn Budget box. With a General Election expected in the near future, it is thought that his Budget statement in the House of Commons on April 19 will be "a little bit for everybody." (Express)



LEFT: With all the poise of a seasoned skating star, six-year-old Susan Gregory, of Cheam, Surrey, takes the ice at Streatham Skating Rink, where she is training for the British Novices Championships to be held at Wembley. (Express)

BELOW: Maurice Chevalier drinking honey and glycerine before his show at the Palace Theatre, London. He said the other day that he may retire from stage and screen if the half-hour films he is now making for television are a hit. At 66, Maurice still looks hale and spring-heeled. (Express)



THE first of the American stars to top the bill during the current season at the London Palladium is song man Eddie Fisher. This is his second visit to London, where he is extremely popular. He is here seen with his fiancée, film star Debbie Reynolds, who is also in London on holiday. (Express)



HER Majesty the Queen greeted by the Rev. F. Foxwell at Southwark Cathedral on her arrival for the Maundy service. After the service, charity purses (one for each year of the Queen's reign) were distributed to poor people. (Express)



LEFT: Countess Mountbatten, Princess Alexandra and Countess Jellicoe seen at the "Save the Children's Fund" concert held at the Royal Festival Hall, London. (Express)

ATTRACTIVE 23-year-old Miss Anne Price of London has been chosen by BOAC to represent the Corporation in a "Queen of the Air" contest for stewardesses to be held in Johannesburg in May. (Express)



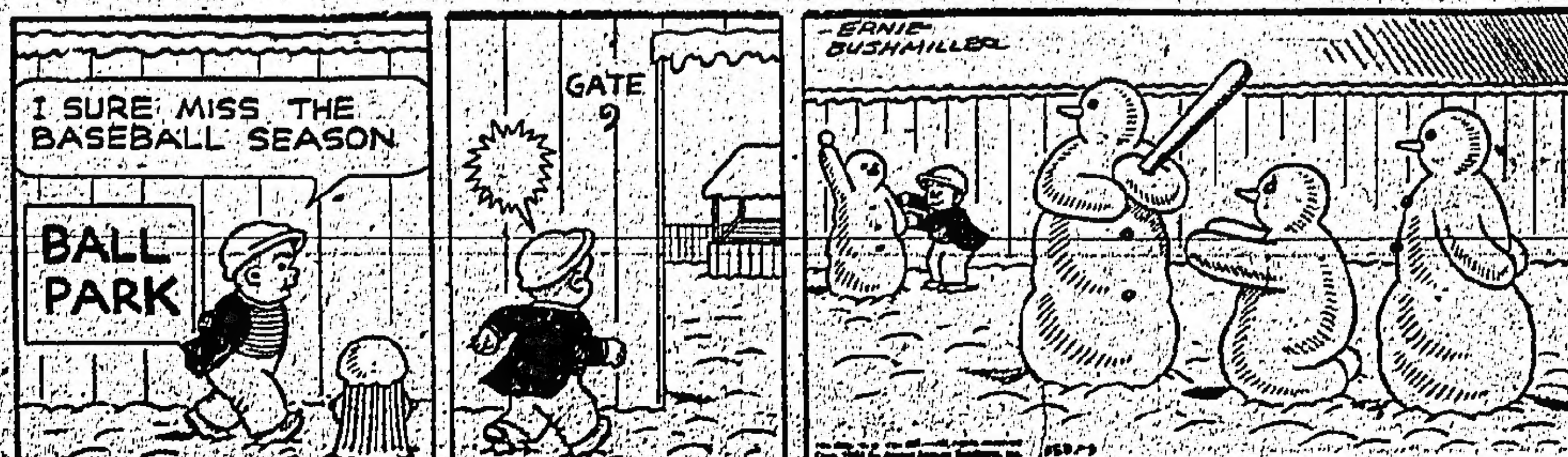
FIFTY-SIX-YEAR-OLD comedienne Beatrice Lillie fainted and collapsed soon after the curtain rose one evening last week at the Globe Theatre, London, on her current show, "An Evening With Beatrice Lillie." The performance was cancelled and the audience were refunded their money. (Express)



A solemn moment as Sir Winston Churchill steps out of No. 18 Downing Street for the last time as Prime Minister. When this picture was taken, he was on his way to Buckingham Palace to tender his resignation to the Queen. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK MAGIC
ASSORTED
CHOCOLATES

NOTES ON VOTES

By J. W. TAYLOR

SOME remarkable information about the probable course of the forthcoming General Election has just become available. It is now disclosed that during the last Election, the people living in Bristol Northeast constituency were "guinea pigs" for a survey designed to find out why people voted as they did and what makes the elector "tick."

This survey was undertaken by Bristol University and the Colston Research Society, whose findings have just been published in a book called "Straight Fight," by R. S. Milne and H. G. Mackenzie, lecturers in government and statistics respectively in the University's Department of Economics. It is said to be proving somewhat of an eye-opener for the Election planners and agents of all parties.

Bristol Northeast is a reasonably representative provincial borough constituency, and the lessons it provided through the survey can, it is claimed, apply to almost any other place. It clearly shows how and why voting is influenced and where time and money is being wasted in campaigns without any compensating result.

Important

One important indication was that the whole pattern of a General Election has changed. It would appear that the only meetings which attract big audiences are those which are addressed by nationally known politicians. In a neighbouring county division, 6,000 Bristol people attended a single out-door meeting addressed by Mr. Attlee—more than went to all the meetings of both parties held in Bristol Northeast.

The authors conclude that the days of big rosettes, heckled meetings, window posters and parade chanting whom to vote for are over, and that it is the voter sitting quietly at home reading his paper or listening-in on the radio who chooses the man to represent him in the House.

With convincing data, complicated details and charts, the authors submit that the old-style Election is a thing of the past; that a General Election nowadays is "nationalised" polling instead of having a purely local slant.

They say that people are much more inclined to read their newspapers in their own time and to listen to "radio" political broadcasts, and then make up their minds, irrespective of all the meetings that are held in the local schoolroom, and despite the voluminous printed propaganda dropped in their letter-boxes. Future elections may be fought without all this, "Straight Fight" is a knock-out in some ways for the planners and political agents. For instance, the report says that the influence of meetings of the electors attended them. Nearly all were already firmly decided how they were going to vote. They went either to support their party, to decide, or merely for somewhere to go.

Images

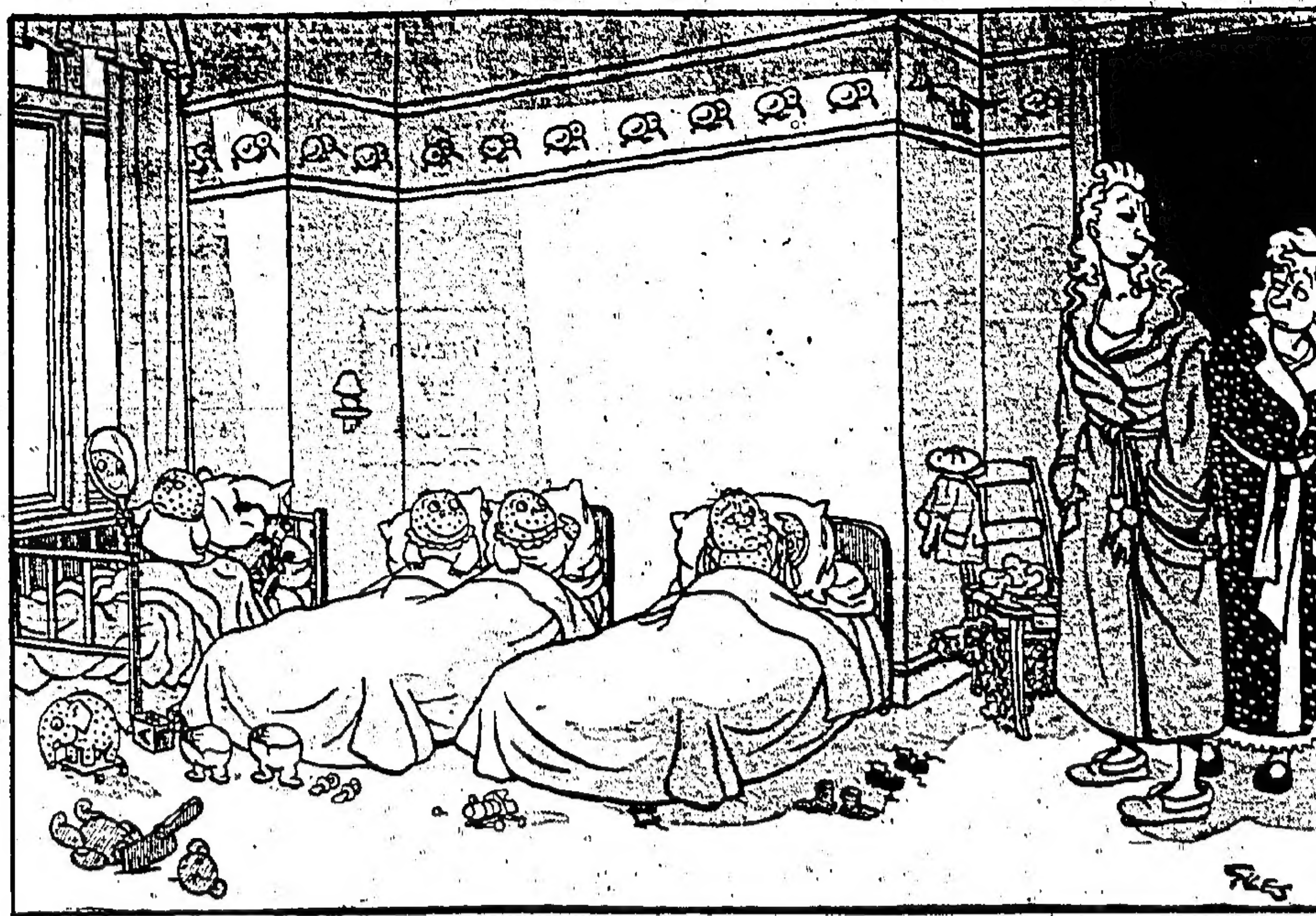
Out of 375 people questioned, 342 had not attended a single meeting. Of the rest only two of what may be called "floating voters" went to one meeting only, and one of them was there to be a steward.

The survey found that many voters had "fixed" party images, such as associating a party with free enterprise... the working man's party... and so on. These images are deeply rooted and undoubtedly influence votes. Family tradition and upbringing—"I come from a Conservative family"—dictated many votes.

Moreover, the authors show that preaching to the converted is no way to win votes, adding that electors form their opinions after listening-in or reading newspapers.

One conclusion reached is the "vocal" elector—the man who talks about his politics to a friend on a bus or at work—can be of tremendous influence. Were a candidate to claim that his opponent's policy was "sheer poppycock," he would be suspect, because it was party politics. But if "old George" said the same thing at the "local," it would be considered just plain commonsense.

The authors say: "The most promising extension of local party activity might be the training of 'vocal electors' to influence people around them."



"And only last night Dad was saying whatever the Budget result things couldn't get much worse."

London Express Service

ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES

THE MAN WHO LOVED MATA HARI

TWO Catholic nuns in Cell No. 12 at Paris's bleak Saint Lazare Prison tried to appear as though they were not there, as Marguerite Zelle-McLeod talked to the over-wrought young French Army officer. He was obviously infatuated with her, and the nuns were just as obviously embarrassed.

Finally the man, 22-year-old Pierre de Morissac, kissed the woman goodbye, and as he left the prison it seemed his life was at an end. In fact it was to spin out another 19 years to end like the last act of a Wagner opera with the libretto by Ernest Hemingway.

The date was early October, 1917, and after the man left the cell, Marguerite Zelle-McLeod talked with Sister Marie, one of the nuns. She was depressed. Apart from young de Morissac's visit, and his repeated proposals of marriage, M. Clunet, her lawyer, was walking around like a man with death in his soul.

HE was a good lawyer, and there was the added advantage that he believed she was innocent. Nevertheless, he was not having success in getting her a reprieve. The Premier was being most unreasonable.

The woman in Cell No. 12 was the half-Japanese, half-Dutch dancer whose name was to give the world a new word for a female spy—Mata Hari. And at 5 a.m. the next day, October 15, she was due to the shot.

Now Sister Marie tried patiently to ease the woman's last hours. "Why don't you dance?" she suggested. "It has always been your life—it will help you to forget."

So Mata Hari danced and only the two nuns watched her voluptuous writhings.

MATA HARI's story is a strange one even when shorn of the fiction which has grown round it; and I must retell it before passing on to Pierre de Morissac one of her many lovers.

Marguerite Zelle was the daughter of a Dutch planter and a Javanese woman born in the East Indies, and her mother managed to get into a Buddhist monastery as a sacred dancer.

The girl was 15 when Lieut McLeod a Dutch naval officer of Scottish extraction came to the island. He saw this sinuous and fascinating girl dancing and fell in love with her.

Unlike Madam Butterfly's Lieutenant Pinkerton, this man stayed and married the girl and took her to India. A good deal older than Mar-



She lived fabulously, spinning a web of espionage that enmeshed many men.

By DUDLEY POPE

Still she danced; still she had her adoring suitors. Rarely did she return their love. And still she travelled. She went for instance, to Madrid. From that nest of spies and counter-spies a message was sent to British Intelligence in London.

It merely said that Marguerite Zelle-McLeod was travelling to Germany, via Holland. The ship called at Plymouth, and Mme Zelle-McLeod was requested to step ashore for a talk with some British officers.

One of them wrote later that of all the women he examined during the war she was the "quickest on the uptake." She was only too willing to help, she said. The questioning started and Mata Hari, with affecting innocence, said she would let them into a secret; she was a spy, yes—but for France!

BUT the glamorous, amorous spider was herself being lured into a web; and Major Pierre Ledoux of the French Intelligence, was spinning it. The British sent Mata Hari back to Spain and relayed her story to Paris. Shortly after her return to France she was neatly trapped by Ledoux.

At the trial in Paris the prosecutor Andre Mornet (who nearly 30 years later was to prosecute the men of Vichy), fought verbal duels with Clunet, her defending counsel. And then the letters were produced.

Love-letters—many of them, and written by men in high places, some with pet names, some with a name which began with M. and ended with Y—but with the middle letters missing.

Were they from Malvy, the Minister of the Interior? He was tried for treason and banished—although ten years later another Minister admitted that it was he who wrote them, not Malvy.

And so the game was up.

IN Cell No. 12 dawn was fast approaching and, after writing to her little daughter Banda in Batavia, the nuns helped her to dress.

She slid into an elegant gown and a fur-trimmed coat, donned a "cartwheel" black and white summer hat and long white gloves. The nuns were in tears. "Don't cry, Sister Marie," she said, and, turning to the waiting officers, she announced: "Messieurs, I am ready."

With M. Clunet (also in tears) and Sister Marie she was taken

to a muddy field at Vincennes, where stood a file of infantrymen with rifles.

"It is all a farce to prove you," whispered Clunet. "The rifles are not loaded."

Mata Hari may or may not have believed this attempt to ease her last moments; but she waved aside the proffered blindfold and stood quite still as 12 rifle bolts rattled home and 12 steel barrels were levelled at her heart, and 12 bullets ended the spy story to end all spy stories.

BUT if Mata Hari's story was ended life went on for its minor characters—bringing sweating moments of shame for some, and bitter-sweet memories for others. Among the latter was Pierre de Morissac, last of her lovers to see her alive.

Morissac completely vanished for years until, in 1922, he was discovered—a monk in the Carthusian monastery of Aula Dei, near Penafiel, in the Spanish province of Saragosa.

He had become a member of this strict Order to expiate his sins and, leading a life of prayer and fasting, was supposed never to look back on his past.

All was peace in the Spanish monastery but outside there was unrest which smouldered and then flamed into civil war.

Soon the fighting was near. Franco was being forced to retreat at Penafiel and the Government troops wanted the strongly-built monastery. Prior refused to evacuate his monks—until a gun started to shell the building.

FRANCO's men offered the monks safe conduct and they all left—except one man, Pierre de Morissac. He had sought peace in sacred retirement, and now that peace was being shattered.

He found a machine-gun left by the insurgents, trained it on the advancing Government troops, and waited for them to get within range. Then he started firing. The enemy, believing Franco's men held the monastery in force, counter-attacked heavily.

When they captured it they found just one man—and he a monk. No one knew what drove him to fight, but it released him from whatever he was trying to escape in the years of silence in the monastery.

The soldiers put him up against a wall, and by the time the sound of the last shot had echoed and re-echoed through the corridors of the monastery which had been his home for months he hit Pierre de Morissac.

CROSSWORDS IN CHINESE

By Tony Motta

MANY a Chinese has shrugged at the poetry for exactly that reason. This form of "ambiguous" verse was originated by the wife of a general in the Chin Dynasty. The story goes that she was unhappy about her husband's wayward affections towards his concubine, and she whiled her time away by writing verse (on silk) which could be read from all four points of the compass.

Perry and tram commuters would look up from their vernacular dailies to smile indulgently at the sight of a European laboriously filling in little black and white squares. This was the state of affairs till a few months ago, when a Chinese evening paper caught its napping readers unawares with a four-inch square of black and white patchwork.

The "romance of words" and the thrill derived from juggling letters had caught on—and now it is a common sight to see the hieroglyphics of the Chinese language being penned on to almost all the native language newspapers.

The snag about the Chinese puzzle is that its structure and the language does not allow for the simple phrase or word clue and a synonymous one-word solution.

MADE EASIER

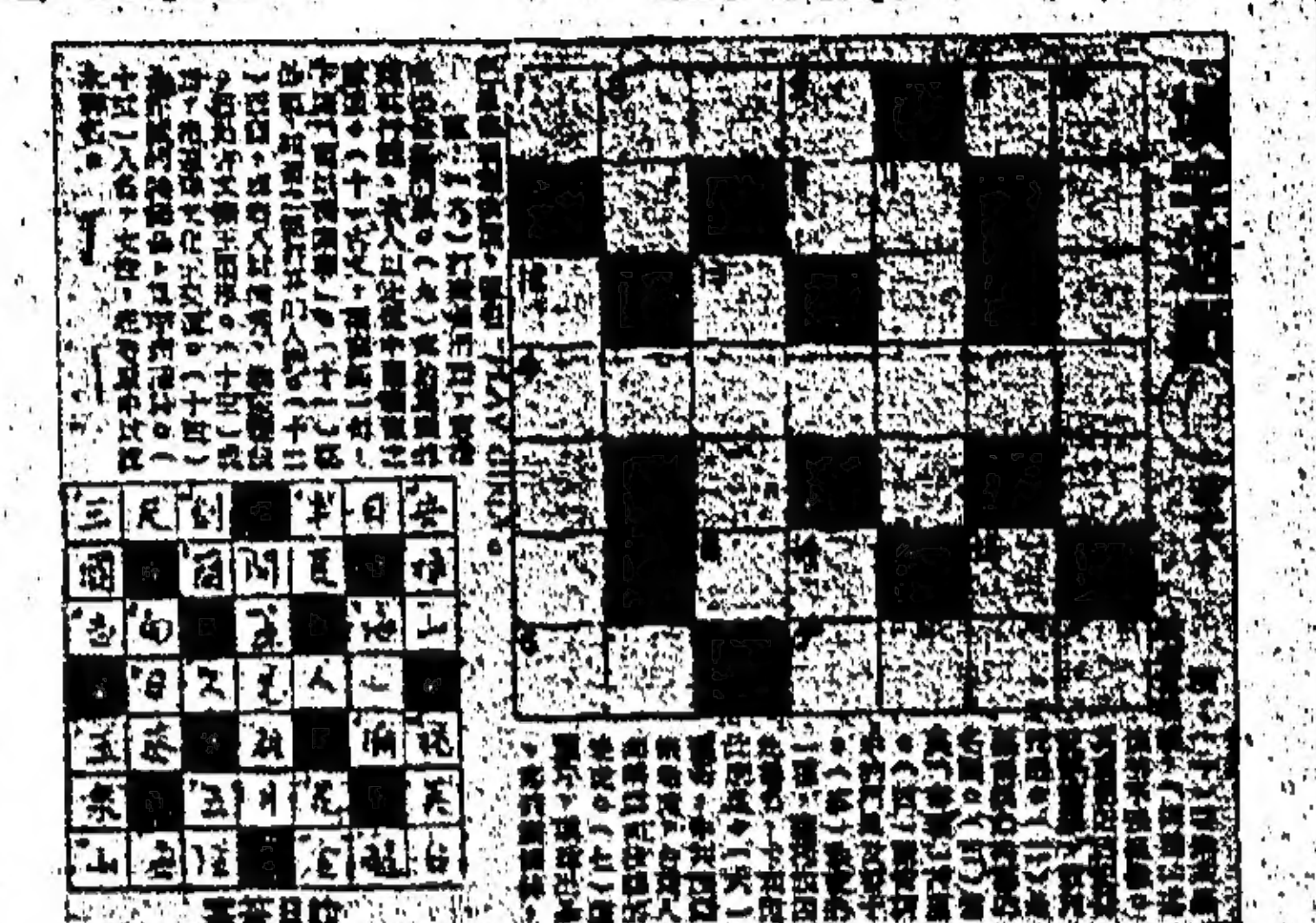
This being the case the puzzle answers require either a string of words or a phrase and since most of the clues ask for historical or general knowledge solutions the average reader without a scholar's background finds himself stumped.

The average reader's lot in connection with the solving of these puzzles has been made easier by some papers in that they have segregated the topics. Instead of baffling the would-be puzzle solver with a host of jumbled clues requiring a wide knowledge of the arts and other subjects, the puzzle is based only on one topic, such as current affairs, politics or history.

To accuse the Chinese of plagiarism in adapting the crossword puzzle would be grossly unjust. The idea of the crossword and other word games came from a Chinese form of poetry called "Wu Man" verse written in this style is of a set form and consists of eight lines. The words "Wu Man" interpreted literally mean ambiguous and were applied to this form of poetry for exactly that reason.

The general's neglect of his wife was such that she wrote over two hundred of these poems.

Although the origin of the Chinese crossword may be disputed, I'm sure you will agree that the phrase "What's that word" will always hold its magic for the jumble of wit and that, for the Chinese, it has come to stay.



A translation of the typical Chinese crossword clues shown above. The smaller square gives the previous day's solution.

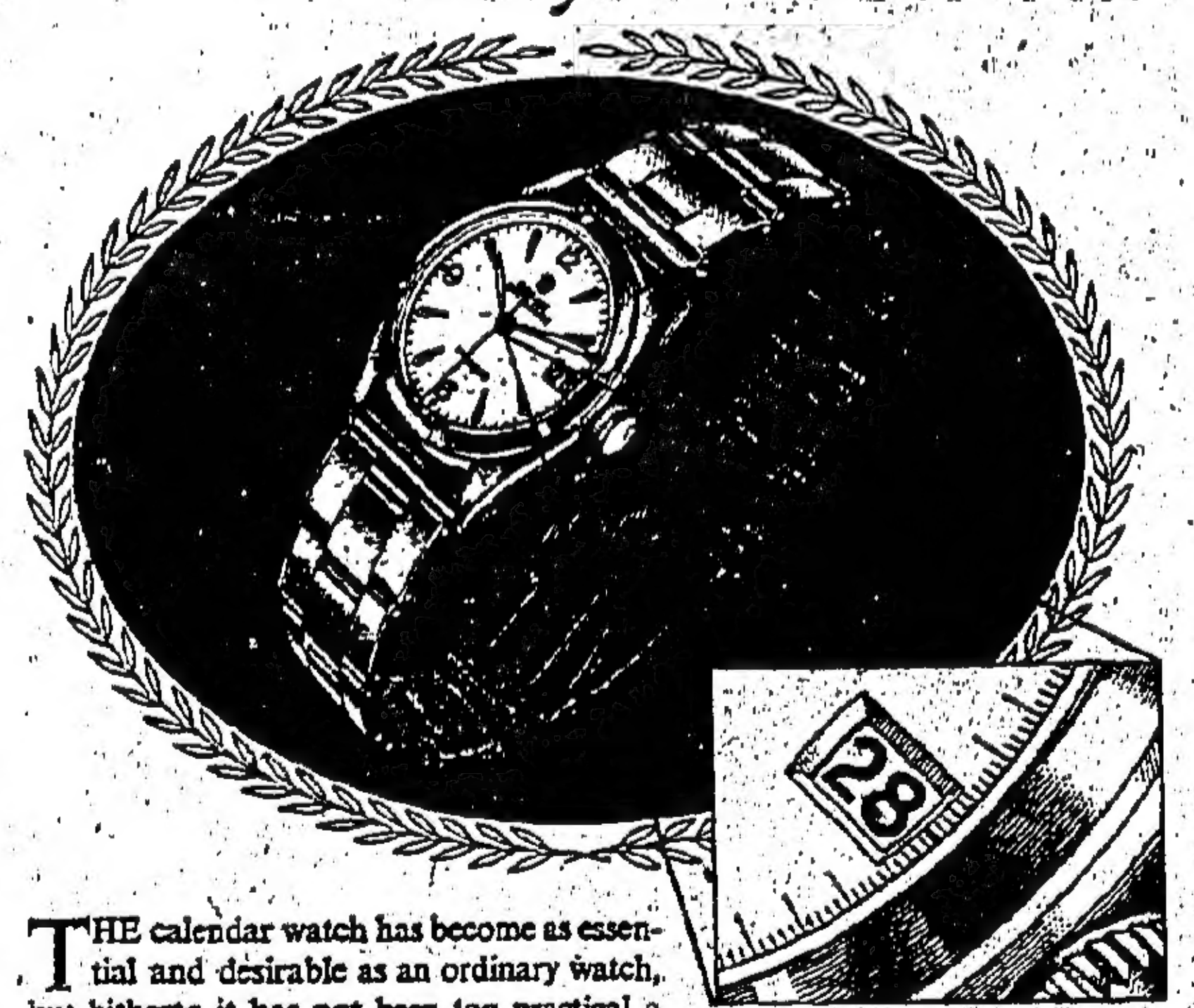
ACROSS:

1. Name of a certain "black society" in Hongkong whose leader was sentenced to death for the murder of a police constable.
2. Phrase for being especially fond of a person.
3. Part of a phrase for attempt to seize power.
4. Mahjong pieces.
5. Name of a jewel. Through this gem, some people have made a name for themselves in Chinese history while others have lost their legs.
6. Name of the country the Chinese Reds call "Paper Tiger" and the Nationalists call "Iron Around Tiger".
7. American name originally entitled "Play Girl" starring Shelley Winters and Barry Sullivan.

DOWN:

8. Phrase used in the game of Mahjong.
9. Internal conflicts of political parties. The cause of China's internal wars—some people think.
10. A Chinese classical phrase—to go with a given phrase.
11. Term for people who thirst for name and money.
12. A proverb or phrase describing a place of beauty which is believed to nurture handsome men.
13. Phrase meaning the exchange of East-West culture.
14. Decoration for acts which was originated by a poetical character.
15. Name of a female famous in Cantonese drama. She threw herself into the water.

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MUTINY IN MID-AIR!

EXPLOITS of the
GOLDFISH CLUB

TO Lieutenant Ted Strever of the South African Air Force, newly arrived in Malta, this was torpedo strike number three.

Shortly before nine o'clock on a July morning in 1942 he and his crew took off in a formation of nine Beauforts to attack an enemy oil-tanker, escorted by five destroyers, which had been sighted off the island of Sapienza in southern Greece.

Strever had for his navigator a Lancastrian, Pilot Officer W. M. Dunsmore, of Liverpool, and his wireless operator/air gunners were both New Zealanders, Sergeant J. A. Wilkinson, and Sergeant A. R. Brown.

At a quarter past 11 Brown began to pick up a cluster of blips on his search radar. Soon, in the distance, they could see the Axis convoy. They turned into the attack, Strever holding the Beaufort down 50ft. above the sea.

Then he saw a fierce rain beating on the water a few yards ahead and realised that they were flying through machine-gun fire. Tracer rushed at his eyes and then at the last moment swerved away over his shoulder and was gone.

A marionette

OUT of the corner of his eye he saw the Beaufort on its left pull up suddenly like a marionette on a string and then hang helplessly in mid-air before it turned on its back and crashed down into the sea. The merchantman looked incredibly close, 800 yards away, Strever called Dunsmore.

"Now!" Dunsmore pressed the release button. "Torpedo gone!" Now they ran into a curtain of fire from the escorting destroyers. Wilkinson called to say that the torpedo was running hard and true a few feet below the surface, but his message was drowned as the port engine cracked like a broken leg.

Instinctively Strever turned the Beaufort towards Sapienza. The port engine was a smoking wreck and the starboard engine was running roughly under the strain. With no height it was hopeless to try to reach the coast. Better to ditch her now than risk a sudden engine failure and an uncontrolled dive into the sea.

The sea had roughened and the ditching was heavy, but

Four men were prisoners

in a plane over the

sea and then with

a schoolboy trick the

captives took control

by Ralph
BARKER

all four men managed to climb into the dingy before the Beaufort ducked like a whale beneath the waves. To the east they could see the oil tanker, very low in the water but apparently not on fire. In the other direction they saw the last of the Beaufort's disappearing towards Malta. Overhead, a Baltimore reconnaissance plane circled at 20,000ft. Perhaps fixing their position.

They stared sullenly towards Sapienza and captivity. Suddenly Wilkinson pointed excitedly towards the north. "Look!" he shouted. "A sea-plane!"

Offered brandy

THE floatplane, an Italian Cant Z 506B, flew directly overhead. It began to circle the dingy and presently it landed about 50 yards away.

Strever and his crew began paddling towards it. They made little progress and the two groups of men, Italian and British, eyed each other speculatively. Then Strever, bowing to the inevitable, stripped and dived over the side, covering the distance to the Cant in swift, strong strokes. The Italian crew hauled him aboard and showed a charming anxiety to be friendly, offering him a large tot of brandy and a cigarette.

Then they handed him a length of rope, one end of which was fastened to the Cant fuselage. Strever swam with it back to the dingy. When he reached it he gave the thumbs-up sign.

"We're in," he said. "Soon they were all aboard the floatplane and when the rest of Strever's crew had been taken a tot of brandy, the Cant took off.

The flight lasted exactly two hours. Strever felt fairly sure that they had travelled in a northerly direction. When the Cant finally came to rest they were disembarked on to a jetty and an escort party took charge of them. They were taken by car to what Strever thought must be the local headquarters. Here they were interrogated but no real pressure was brought to bear and eventually they were taken to the officers' mess. There they were given civilian clothes to change into. Four huge plates of macaroni were placed in front of them. When they thought the meal was over, four steaks were brought in. The meal ended with more brandy and cigarettes, and they were given the run of the mess for the rest of the day.

'Tomorrow bad'

LATER the only Italian officer who spoke any English told them that they were to be flown to Taranto next morning for internment in a prison camp.

"Tomorrow bad, tonight good," said the Italians.



Drawn
by
ROBB

Instantly there was a free-for-all as the two crews struggled for possession of the revolver.

The British crew realised even more fully what was meant when they were taken to bed. Four of the Italians had given up their two double rooms so that their prisoners could pass a comfortable night.

They were awakened at seven o'clock next morning, and while they were at breakfast they were left alone for a few moments. Instantly they began to discuss the possibility of escape.

"I've worked out where we are," said Wilkinson. "Either Levkas or Corfu. Taranto can't be more than about 200 miles. If we don't do something quickly we'll be in a POW camp by lunch-time."

"Has anyone thought of trying to capture the aircraft and fly it to Malta? Malta's about 350 miles, I reckon."

"I've thought of it, Wilkie," said Strever.

Everyone there

THE whole Italian headquarters staff seemed to have preceded them to the jetty to see them off as they boarded another Cant floatplane.

The Cant crew consisted of pilot, second pilot, engineer, wireless operator-observer, and a corporal acting as escort, armed with a .45 revolver that looked as though it had been rescued from a museum.

The Italian pilot introduced himself. "Captain Galetana Mastrodrea, at your service." He grinned, showing a set of incredibly white, even teeth. "We go to Italy on leave. I see my bambino—he's rocked an imaginary baby in his arms—for the first time. For you, it is bad!" He shrugged his shoulders, then turned on his heel and went forward to the pilot's seat.

Staggering along under an overload of men and luggage, unable to climb above 1,000 feet, the Cant made slow

and steady progress towards the heel of Italy. Four men faced the prospect of years of imprisonment. Four men were going on leave. Poised between the two parties, a kind of neutral umpire, stood the corporal gurd.

Wretched day

THE corporal sat down behind the pilot. It was a bad day for a non-flier; a wretched day for a ground type, with a queasy stomach.

Wilkinson looked at his watch, 10.25. They must be about halfway. It was now or never. Somehow he had to distract the attention of the observer, who sat between him and the aircraft corporal.

The only trick he knew was a schoolboy one. You pointed suddenly out of the window and while your victim turned his head away you had him momentarily at your mercy. He would have to take a chance with this fellow.

Turned head

"LOOK!" The observer turned his head, and instantly the window clouded into an opaque blackness and then splintered into stars as Wilkinson's fist sank into his jaw. There was no recoil.

Wilkinson allowed the impetus of the punch to carry him past the table; then he jumped over the observer's slouched body and snatched at the corporal's revolver. His hands closed over it greedily and he tore at it with all his strength.

Next moment the pistol was in his hands, and as the corporal fell back into the pilot's lap Wilkinson handed the pistol to Strever, who had quickly backed him up, leaving Dunsmore and Brown to attend to the observer and flight engineer. The corporal fell between the pilot

and the control column, and as he struggled to free himself he fouled the controls and sent the floatplane into a steep dive. Wilkinson, flung forward like a piece of loose cargo, caught the corporal by the scruff of the neck and with a Herculean effort lifted him clear.

Free-for-all

BY this time Strever was pointing the gun coolly in the pilot's ear, believing the day had been won, unaware that the second pilot was in the act of turning a Luger on him.

Brown holding down the stunned observer, saw the Italian second pilot swing triumphantly round with the Luger.

The nearest missile to hand was a sea-cover. He hurried it unerringly, striking the Luger and knocking it from the second pilot's grasp.

Instantly there was a free-for-all as the two crews struggled for possession of the Luger. Strever kept the pilot covered while Dunsmore hocked the Luger out of the scrum back to Wilkinson. The morale of the Italian crewmen was broken.

But Captain Mastrodrea was not done with yet. He kept the Cant in a steep dive, determined to foil the escape by landing the Cant on the sea.

Levelled out

STREVER brandished the revolver before his eyes, and then raised it as though he would smash it in the Italian's skull. The horizon came down from above them like a blind as the Cant floatplane slowly levelled out.

Meanwhile Dunsmore and Brown were busy tying up the rest of the crew with a length of mooring hawser.

Strever now took over the controls and turned the floatplane 90 degrees to port of their previous track in the rough direction of Malta.

But their jubilant mood passed swiftly as the hazards of the fight ahead of them crystallised in their minds. Dunsmore could find no maps. Evidently the Italians were confirmed coast-crawlers. Malta was nearly twice as far as Taranto. They did not know the speed or the endurance of the Cant.

Strever called Dunsmore. "Get that second pilot untied, will you? I'm going to put him in the seat and come back for a conference."

The Italian second pilot was duly released and pushed into the pilot's seat.

"Keep on that heading," shouted Strever, gesticulating

and pointing to the compass. And so that the Italian should be in no doubt as to their destination, he added, "Malta, Malta."

The Italian turned to him in anguish.

"Malta?" The word meant only one thing to the second pilot. His eyes bulged. "Spitfire!" He made a motion describing machine-gun fire and the demise of the Cant.

He grinned

STREVER grinned and went back to talk to Dunsmore. Between them they began to reconstruct on a blank sheet of paper the approximate slant of the Greek coast up towards the Adriatic, the thin heel and toe of Italy, the appendage of Sicily and somewhere south of Sicily two arbitrary blots that represented Malta and Gozo. It was like sticking a pin in a list of runners. They showed their cartography to the Italian navigator, who shook his head violently. They freed his wrists and he snatched Dunsmore's pen and made swift corrections, like a lightning artist. Strever and Dunsmore replotted their position.

Creeping in under the island's radar screen, they were now only three miles off-shore. It was as they sighted the radio masts above Valletta that the ten Spitfires came rushing at them out of the sun.

Dunsmore instantly took off his white singlet and trailed it out of the cockpit. In token of surrender, in the turret Brown spun the guns about as the red-crowned signal to show the fighters he was not going to fire. But the ten Spitfires, strung out in follow-the-leader fashion, came relentlessly on.

Point blank

THE first Spitfire opened up at pointblank range with cannon and machine-gun fire, and the smooth surface of the Cant's starboard wing splintered and twisted into an ugly pock-marked sheet of scrap metal. Strever shouted to the Italian pilot to come down on the water. As the floatplane swung round drunkenly on the sea the three engines coughed and spluttered and then died. They had run out of petrol.

Immediately the aircraft was still, Strever and his crew rushed out on to the wings and waved frantically to the Spitfire pilots. The whole formation was circling overhead. Merrily, the fighters dipped their firing buttons to safe, and after a long look at the Cant to satisfy themselves that it was properly winged, they returned in formation to Malta.

Now that the incident was so nearly ended, Strever and his crew felt a sharp twinge of conscience at the way they had treated the Italians. What a way to repay the kindness of their captors from the moment of rescue right up to the start of this trip! But the Italians were cheerful, and seemed to bear no ill will.

Special change

THEY opened their voluminous bags and brought out brandy and wine and cigarettes they had been taking on leave. When the air/sea rescue launch arrived one and a half hours later its crew were greeted by nine mellow men.

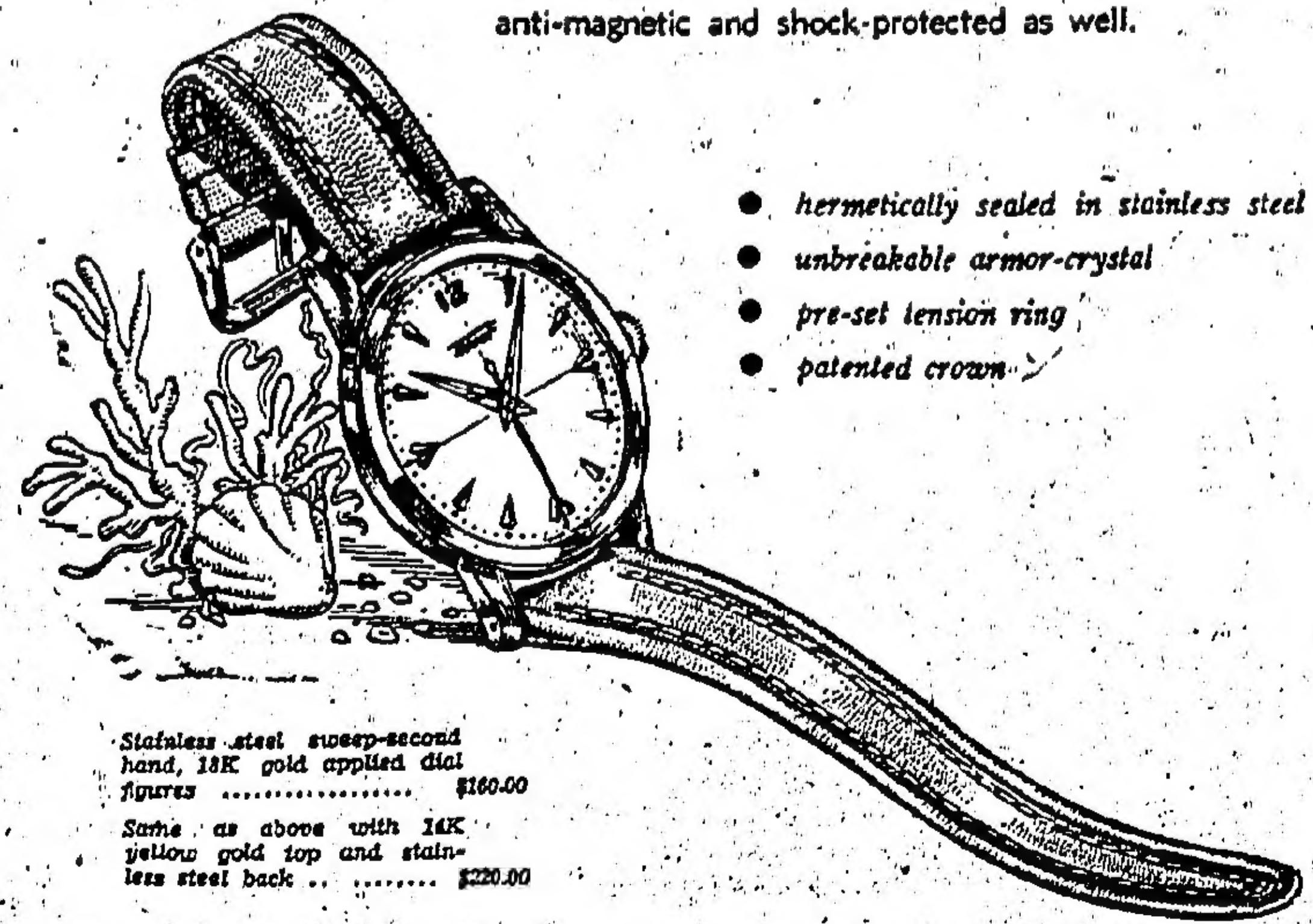
On reaching Malta they were taken to the nearest officers' mess, where as a special change from tinned stew they were given the besieged island's rarest delicacy—bully-beef. Afterwards they escorted the Italian crew to the island prison camp, pleaded for the best accommodation, and, with some misgivings, bade them farewell.

[These extracts are from "Down in the Drift," to be published by Chatto and Windus.]

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OMEGA * Tissot

REDS TRY NEW SQUEEZE ON BERLIN

IN West Berlin it is called "the big black-mail"—the Reds' new road tax being levied on trucks from the West entering and leaving the Soviet sector.

It is the latest Red trick in this nine-year-old cold war that lets up only occasionally—usually while they think up something new to annoy the people on the other side of the barbed-wire, threading through divided Berlin.

Queues of trucks grind up to a halt at the Russian control points. Soldiers, lift the heavy barriers, jettison one truck through at a time, check way bills, inspect the freight, make a quick calculation—and present the bill.

Top rate is 320 marks, for a single journey by a laden truck. Heavy trucking is so organised that an empty truck is rarely seen on the autobahns. Each truck averages three round trips a week, so a truck owner will pay in one week 1,820 marks.

West Berlin is well accustomed to this kind of thing. And the free corner of the city wonders what will be the Reds' next move to gain control of the whole of Berlin.

Every few months comes something new. Once, all East was sealed off from the Western half. Then there was a complete blockade of West Berlin. For a year everything for 2½ million people was airlifted into the city. When this failed, battalions of thugs swooped in to beat up men and women. Armed con-

mandos of German police were formed by the Allies—and the Reds withdrew their terrorists. Another lull. Then all telephone lines between East and West were cut and remain so. Again, power deliveries were slowed down to almost nil. The West since built a new power station.

Almost daily kidnappings go on in attempts to intimidate the population in the free half of the city.

The new harrassing is executed on grounds of heavy road repair costs. But so light is East Berlin road traffic that experts say maintenance costs are a flea-bite in the economy.

Allied observers do not blame ratification of the Paris treaties for the latest move. They believe it is an attempt to force Britain and America to take the first step in recognising East German sovereignty.

2. To force Adenauer to meet the East Germans as a first step towards all-German talks on bigger subjects, such as reunification. The new Red persecution will cost West Berlin 80 million marks a year. Trucking companies say the bill would cripple them. But someone must find it if living costs are not to rocket.

Unless increases are passed to the consumer, West Germany must add this money in subsidies to truck-owners to enable them to keep West Berlin ticking over. If, of course, the cash is found, the Reds can easily double their blackmail demands.

One way or another, East Germany mulets the West of 280 million a year in "good reliable" currency. Sticking is so rigid that in East Germany up 34-44 in the Red "Kug-

compared with 1s 8d in the West.

A dollar fetches two East marks instead of four-plus in the West. Visitors are charged a compulsory 15 Westmarks for every day they spend in the East. Inter-zonal rail tickets must be paid for in Westmarks or foreign currency.

Adenauer's government now plans to send in 28 freight trains a day to West Berlin instead of the present 14.

But rail charges, higher than road transport, would jack-up living costs. And Russia's puppets in the East have an unbeatable weapon to their sleeves—they can sidetrack freight trains for days, cause delays, insist on minute inspection of all rail goods, and so interfere with traffic that West Berlin's vital food would spoil, rot or perish in transit.

James Irvine

BACK-ROOM BOYS OF THE CID

A PEEP INTO THE FORENSIC SCIENCE LAB

By William Smyly

ISAT between a collection of doors at one end of a long passage on the third floor of Police Headquarters. Behind the doors opening off this passage, the back-room boys of the Hongkong CID carried out their peculiar investigations.

A messenger who appeared with a file walked silently down to the farthest door—he was carrying the latest batch of fingerprints to be sorted and filed by Inspector R. G. Griggs' Fingerprint Bureau.

OPEN DOOR

Through an open door on my left two laboratory assistants in white coats hunted over a pile of disreputable clothing. Another looked through a microscope; then looked up and spoke softly. He was giving some sort of order; one man went off into an adjoining dark room filled with complicated electrical apparatus.

Then the door in front of me opened and a young girl looking rather pleased with herself was hurried out. She was accompanied by a very pretty police-woman who smiled and showed me in.

It was the Department of Forensic Science.

Inside I found an energetic Chinese doctor in his early thirties who started the Department here from scratch after a war.

BUSY FLOOR

The Department which he has built up around himself occupies seven rooms on the busy third floor of CID Headquarters and employs two doctors, who are on loan to the Police from the Medical Department, a police chemist with the rank of sub-inspector, and four police lab assistants and clerks with the rank of sergeant and constable. One of them is a woman police constable—the pretty one who showed me in.

The lab has come a long way in five years, and in much of its equipment ranks with some of the best forensic labs in the world. However, it is still

growing, and Dr Pang Teng-cheung hopes some day to bring its staff up to the full complement of a Home Office Laboratory in England.

The work includes technical assistance to the Police at scenes of crime, analysis and examination of weapons, tools and clothing; interviews with victims and suspects; medico-legal post-mortem; and attendance at courts. During the past year the Department saw 379 suspects, visited 83 scenes of crime, tested 157 lots of clothing or weapons, and gave evidence in court 148 times.

Dr Pang's view on the so-called "crime wave" in Britain today are original. He told me that he had been quite worried during his 12-month course in Britain studying forensic medicine because his studies had been hampered by a serious shortage of suitable crime to provide practical work for the student.

SHORTAGE

He suggests, quite seriously, that the shortage of suitable crime at home is so severe that it would pay United Kingdom authorities to run their courses of forensic medicine in Hongkong.

"You get as much experience here in two months as in a year at home," he said.

Figures seem to support the argument. The combined police forces of the British Isles have an average of ten murders a year to deal with.

In 1949-50, when Dr Pang took his course under the world authority, Sir Sydney Smith, at Edinburgh, there were only five murders near enough to give any useful practical work for his course.

THE PEAK

The year 1952-53 was pronounced a peak in the "crime wave." It was the year when 16-year-old Christopher Craig shot a policeman in a roof-top gangster battle and his friend Derek Bentley was hanged; when Miles Gifford murdered his parents at St. Austell and then went off to keep a date with

his girl friend; the year of John Reginald Halliday Christie's mass murders at Rillington Place; and of Mrs Merrifield, who was hanged for using rat poison to speed a legacy.

It was a year when newspapers became near hysterical and foreign journals speculated on British morals, and even the tourist trade was affected. Yet it was a year when in the whole of Britain there were precisely seven murders.

In 1951-52, the year of Stafford, Farnack and Bloom, there were 14 murders.

In 1950-51, when Derek Pool shot a constable near Chatham Barracks and then fought it out with armed police from barricaded quarters in his parents' home, there were only five.

STATISTICS

Yet in Hongkong, smaller in total area than Greater London, with less than a third of its population, and with crimes of violence on the decrease, there were 24 murders last year (two a month), five infanticides, 11 attempted murders. In 1950 there were 29 murders besides the rest.

Dr Pang graduated from Hongkong University in 1941, serving as a Flight Surgeon in the Chinese-American Air Force through the war. He returned to the Hongkong Medical Department in 1945.



Dr Pang Teng-cheung making blood-grouping tests.

Much of his time then was taken up with the job that all doctors abhor—giving technical evidence in court. However, Dr Pang realised that it was a job for a specialist, and began to make a study of forensic science.

MOVING

When, in 1949, a scholarship was offered at Edinburgh in this subject, he applied and was the best qualified man available. On his return to Hongkong the Police Department applied for his permanent services, and he learned that his application for the scholarship had been strongly backed, without his knowing it, by recommendations from the Hongkong CID.

Latter Dr Pang was joined by Dr T. M. Teoh, remarkable for a command of English at least equal to a duel with the sharp-tongued barrister and spoken in the smooth, over-accented tones of Kensington, Chelsea and Mayfair, where he was brought up.

Dr Teoh's course of special study lasted 18 months and he earned six months' special study in Copenhagen. Now he is equipped to take over much of the practical work, releasing Dr Pang for part-time work lecturing to courses of senior detectives in the Hongkong Police Force, and to fifth-year medical students at Hongkong University.

During the year Dr Pang's department prepared evidence in 2,000 cases concerning blood groups and 21 cases of rape, besides abortions, infanticides, murders, sexual crimes, shooting and wounding.

He stated academically, "Some people say that sexual crimes happen in the hot weather. My statistics show that nearly all happen at a change in the weather. In the hot weather people are too lazy. In the cold weather, they are too cool. It is when they get unsettled. When we are going to get a spate of them I can feel it in my blood!"

Many of the Department's activities are moving. Some are funny. Some are sad. Some doctor goes out to work on one case all night after testifying on another case in court most of the day. But all of them concern very human people.

AN IDEA

Speaking of these, Dr Pang looked up a passage from Taylor's "Medical Jurisprudence." It went:

"... perhaps 'this will give a rough idea of the purpose of our work ... the duties of a medical witness are different from those of a General

Practitioner. The latter is concerned with treatment of disease or accident and the saving of life, but the function of the former is to assist the law (inter alia) not only in identifying the perpetrator of a crime but also in securing the acquittal of an innocent person from a crime wrongly imputed to him."

MORE DRAMA

"That is equally important though not often known to the public—to secure the acquittal of innocent persons," Dr Pang said. "In court Dr Teoh and I are required to give medical evidence which is the result of our own deductions after an examination and confidential interview. Anything the suspect tells at such an interview is a professional secret—even if he tells that he is guilty."

This curious, friendly, informal, but busy little Department, buried in the CID, consists of a library, a nauseating museum, three tidy-looking offices, and a small well-equipped laboratory.

But when the pretty policeman showed me out of it, I left a place that handles more human drama in a year than all the cinemas of Hongkong put together.

Next week—The Ballistics Department.

THE GHOST OF HATPIN MARY

From GERALD ARNOLD

Johannesburg, cries to arms that she learned from Mary. Dr Theophilus Ebenezer Donges, South Africa's smooth, stay-at-home Minister of the Interior, has disturbed the grave of a splendid riotous character known as Hatpin Mary.

He did this by giving notice of a bill rendering the half a million British passports useless except as a means of permanent escape from his vigilance.

Union-born, British subjects of all colours can travel the world on them, he allowed. But to get in and out of their own country the 500,000 people who hold or are entitled to hold British passports must have additional exit and entry permits.

ONE-WAY TRIP

Without them a British passport is worth only a one-way trip. To return to South Africa without that special permission will land the offender in gaol for between three months and two years.

Now Hatpin (or Pickhandle) Mary was a roaring redhead whose best battles were fought during the bloody strikes that paralysed the gold mining country round Johannesburg in 1922.

Mary Crawford (nee Fitzgerald), depending on the commando action her amazon shock troops were engaged in, either clubbed the cops over the head with her helve or punctured strike-breaking tram-drivers in their tenders; parts with a 10-inch long hatpin.

Pickhandle Mary—suffragette, labour, organiser, and leader of the "Felibian"—was quite a girl. Now was there a discipline more devoted to her than Jessie Macpherson, present national chairman of the South African Labour Party and Mayor of Johannesburg during 1945-48.

When Mary died Mrs Macpherson did battle for her. She roared out the rip-roaring

She claims she is unable to get her passport renewed. It is a green South African passport—the sort for which the Minister hopes most British subjects will exchange their blue ones.

With one of these green documents you can dodge in and out of the Union at will, always provided that you are neither criminal nor Communist.

Jessie is neither red nor rascal. Yet she is presumably suspect to Dr Donges' department because she cannot get a new passport. The present situation would never have been tolerated by Mary, says Jessie loudly.

So the legend of Hatpin Mary has been revived. South Africans with British passports see the new bill as a new threat to the English-speaking community.

DUAL NATIONALITY

It is almost impossible to hold both a Union and a British passport and South African citizens are encouraged to hold their own passports rather than British. The idea of dual nationality upset the Minister intensely.

His explanation that his legislation is intended to make travel easier would most certainly have got the horse laugh from Mary.

And South Africans are wondering how long it would have taken her to burst through what an opposition MP called "this creeping barbed wire barricade."

There has been a huge public outcry over the Passport Bill and it is lucky that the government majority has only Mary's ghost to steamroller. If Mary herself were alive it would be some scrap.

JAPAN'S HOUR OF DECISION

By George North

THE lights burn late these nights in the Japanese foreign office. Premier Ichiro Hatoyama grows restless.

Statements, denials, rumours, counter-rumours pour out. Newspapers are bewildered, diplomats are uneasy.

Where is Japan going? Into the neutral camp and a deal with Red China? Into the Western camp for good and all? Or just nowhere?

No one can say for sure. The best bet is that Hatoyama will eventually line up solidly with the West. That is no doubt what he would like to do. But that is the dictate of the head. The national stomach calls elsewhere.

For Japan is in a jam. Already there is widespread unemployment. Few industries are working at full capacity. Production costs are rising. Machinery is wearing out and there is nothing to replace it.

Before the war, the coal to turn Japan's machines came almost entirely from Manchuria and China. So did the

iron ore to keep the machines busy.

Now the coal must come across the Pacific from the United States. And at tremendous cost.

Wages are rising: General MacArthur's lessons in democracy had more than political effect. And it still takes three or four Japanese to do the work of one American, German, or Englishman. For the Japanese worker has only a third to a quarter of the horsepower in machinery behind him.

Even if the goods could be produced at the right prices, the problem wouldn't be solved.

The Asian market once absorbed nearly all that Japan could produce. But countries like India are industrialising themselves, and every new machine in India is apt to make one redundant in Japan. India is in chaos. So is Indonesia.

China with its 400,000,000 customers lies behind an iron curtain—ready to do business, but at a price. A political price—official recognition of Red China.

Japan's postwar economic problem was eased by American aid and later by the influx of American troops—and money—for the Korean war. But last year American military spending

dropped to \$598 million from a peak of \$809 million the year before—just enough to give the Japanese economy a bad shake. Hatoyama fought the last election against a background of cotton mills producing only 60 percent of capacity, mounting inflation, and a staggering public debt.

More American aid might help for a while. But no economy can go on being financed by hand-outs for ever.

Meanwhile, as the economy staggers, population continues to mount. By last year it reached 87,500,000—17,000,000 more mouths to feed than there were in 1939. And the population is getting increasingly restive.

The average hourly wage in the Japanese cotton industry, for instance, is about 12 cents. Just over 430,000 workers are currently unemployed even at that.

A nation which prides itself on its almost one hundred percent literacy rate and on being the most industrialised and Westernised nation in the Orient cannot be expected to put up with mid-nineteenth century wages and conditions for long.

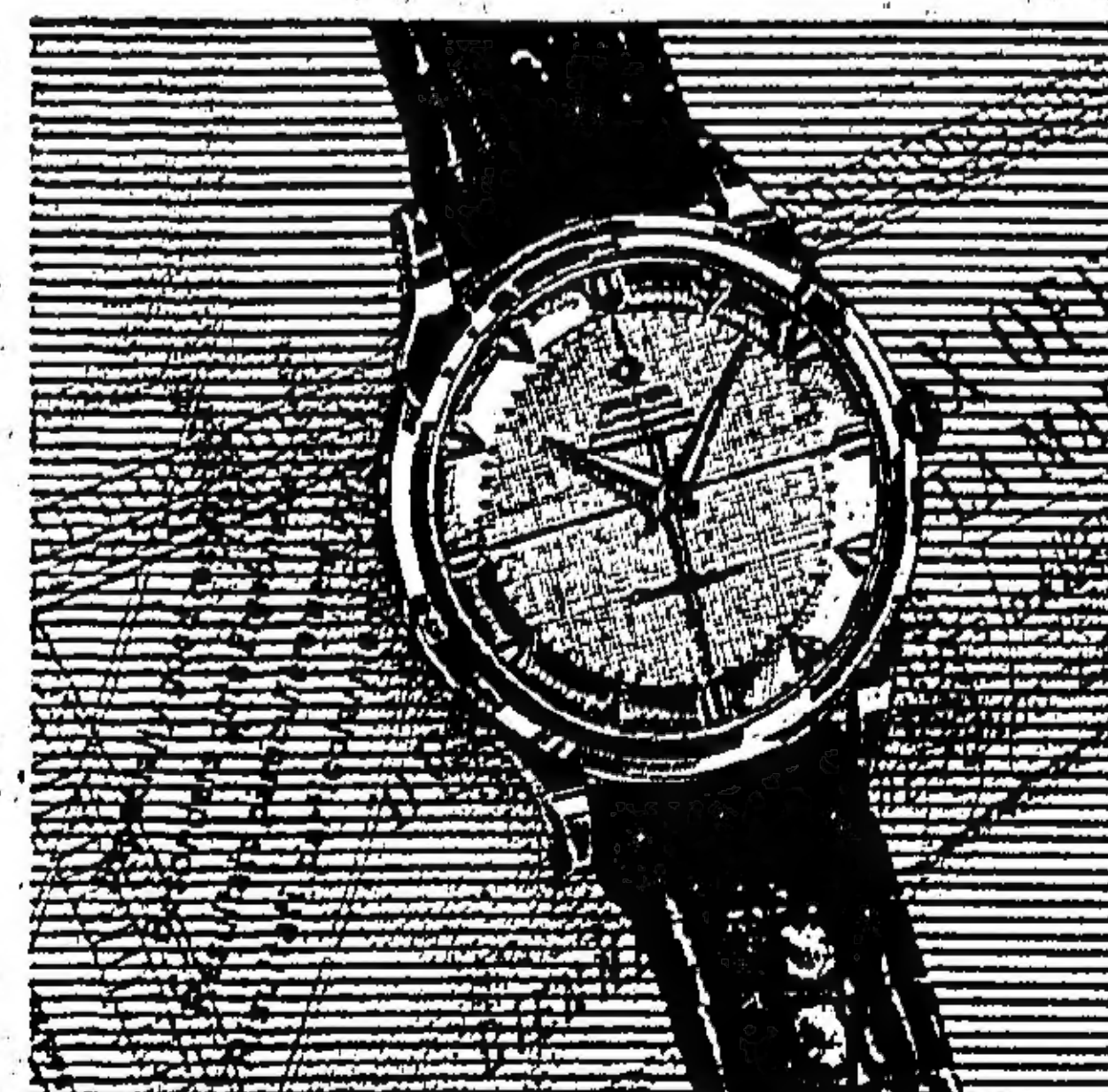
Hatoyama must find a way out. No one can blame him for looking longingly at Red China.

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Société Suisse Pour l'Industrie Horlogère S.A. Genève, Switzerland.

OMEGA TISSOT

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



TALK ABOUT MAGIC! Have you seen Admiral AIR CONDITIONERS AND REFRIGERATORS

DID IT HAPPEN?

IN travelling home from Florence it is usual to go to Pisa, and there change on to the Rome Express. In fact, there is (or was) a through coach from Florence, but you will be told that it is reserved for diplomats.

Too much notice should not be taken of this. Practically every seat in an Italian train is always reserved for diplomats or senators or men who lost a limb in the war or somebody. But very few of them ever seem to travel much, and personally I have never found the through coach from Florence so crowded with diplomats that it could not accommodate me.

On the particular occasion of which I speak, it also accommodated Miss Bradley, who certainly did not look like a diplomat. She looked more like an out-of-work governess, and I only noticed her when passing down the corridor, because of her really remarkable plainness. She was a rather large, clumsy, crumpled-looking woman of about 35, with a big, red nose, and steel-rimmed spectacles; and she had one of those unpleasant skin troubles which had covered her face with pimples. It is an essential part of this story that I really very much disliked looking at Miss Bradley.

It is equally an essential part of the story that later on, when I went to the dining car, Miss Bradley was already seated, and the attendant placed me opposite her.

Meals on the Rome Express take a long time. This one seemed to go on for ever, and I could not help noticing that Miss Bradley made very heavy weather of it.

She blushed

IF you are English, it is practically impossible to speak Italian or French on these occasions, because the waiters are anxious to practise their English on you. The waiter who served us spoke quite good English. Yet Miss Bradley insisted on ordering her food in unbelievably bad schoolgirl French, blushing to the eyes as she did so, and obviously in agonies of embarrassment.

I had the greatest difficulty in understanding what she said myself, and the waiter soon gave it up and brought her whatever he had at hand. One was forced to conclude that Miss Bradley was not only pathetically ugly but pathetically shy and stupid also.

I think we may have exchanged half a dozen words at dinner, when passing one another the sugar or the bread. It is difficult to dine interminably opposite somebody without a few polite monosyllables. But they were certainly all we exchanged, and after we left the dining car, I did not see Miss Bradley again until we reached Calais.

'Next stop'

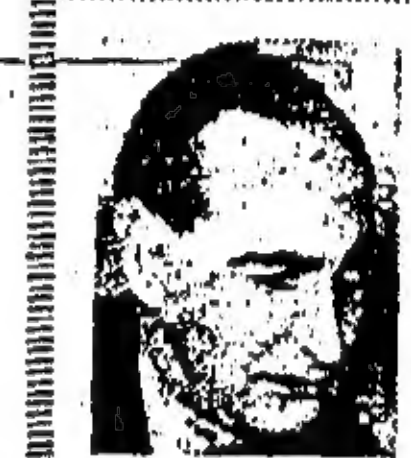
SHE was then trying very hard to get out at Calais Ville, where the train had stopped for a moment, and the cart attendant was trying equally hard to explain that what she wanted was Calais Maritime.

This time, I positively spoke to Miss Bradley. I said, "It's the next stop. This is Calais Town." And Miss Bradley said, "Oh, I see. Thank you," and blushed.

And then when we reached Calais Maritime, our acquaintance really began, and it began purely on my initiative. There were plenty of porters, and I hailed one from the window of the train without difficulty. But as I alighted I saw Miss Bradley standing on the platform. She had two large very old fibre suitcases, one of which seemed to be held together by thick string.

She was standing there saying "Porter—!" rather feebly, and the stream of

DOVER INCIDENT



by Nigel Balchin



At home she was a clerk in an insurance office. The work was quite interesting, but travelling to and from the office was tiring. I do not suggest that any of this in itself was more boring than most small talk, but somehow Miss Bradley contrived to make it so.

I reflected that I should certainly have to see Miss Bradley, since off the boat at Dover and on to her train, and after that there would be no reason, short of rudeness, why we should not travel to London together. That meant a solid four hours of it.

My resources in gentlemanliness and Christianity were not equal to the prospect, so excusing myself I went, along to the booking office on board the boat and booked myself a seat on the Golden Arrow.

Miss Bradley was travelling by the ordinary boat train, so this would mean that we should part at Dover. I went back to Miss Bradley, who told me about the flat in Bournemouth that she shared with another girl from the office. It was quite nice and only five minutes' walk from the buses.

We reached Dover without incident and without interruption of Miss Bradley's flow of conversation.

I hired one of the crew to carry our luggage, which consisted of two rather snobbish-looking and inconvenient raw hide suitcases which had once been given me as a present, and Miss Bradley's two pieces of ancient cardboard.

Normally, passengers for the Golden Arrow are dealt with by the Customs first, as the train leaves 20 minutes before the ordinary boat train. When the boy asked if we were going on the Golden Arrow, I hesitated and then said "Yes."

It was too complicated to explain that one of us was and one of us wasn't, and anyhow it would get Miss Bradley through the Customs quickly. Now that I was going to get away from her, some fragment of my warm-heartedness and sense of responsibility for Miss Bradley was returning.

As we went towards the Customs Hall I explained carefully to her that my train left before hers, but that I would see her through the Customs; the boy would then take the luggage to our respective trains, and she could sit comfortably in hers till it departed. Miss Bradley said, "Oh, thank you very much."

The boy, of course, had dumped our suitcases together on the counter, and Miss Bradley and I went and stood before them. In due course the Customs examiner reached us, looked at the four suitcases in that human X-ray

manner which Customs examiners must practise night and morning, and said, "This is all yours?"

I was not quite sure whether he was addressing me, or me and Miss Bradley, who was standing slightly behind me, and it was on the tip of my tongue to say "Yes" for both of us. But suddenly the worst bits of snobbishness in my nature rose to the surface at being asked to acknowledge those grotesque and bulging old cardboard suitcases with their wrappings of string, and I replied, "Well—mine and this lady's."

"For the moment," I said, rather foolishly, smiling at Miss Bradley. I had a feeling that by disclaiming her luggage I might have hurt her feelings.

"Yes," said the Customs man patiently. "But are you travelling together? Is this your joint luggage?"

"Well, no. Not exactly. We're just sharing a porter," I said. "Then if you'll point out which are your things, sir," said the examiner very slowly and carefully, as though talking to a child, "I'll deal with them."

I pointed my cases out. I had nothing to declare, and declared it. Without asking me to open them, the examiner chalked the cases and then, instead of moving to my left and dealing with Miss Bradley, moved rather pointedly to the right, and became involved in a man whose luggage took up a solid seven feet of counter. Miss Bradley said, "Oh dear—!" mildly. I started to say, "Look—could you do the lady's, too, that?" but the examiner ignored me. He was already X-raying the man on the right.

A prod

THE boy swung my cases off the counter. More were promptly dumped in the space and their owner gave me a gentle prod in the back. I hesitated for a moment, but there did not seem to be much point in standing there waiting for Miss Bradley when we were about to part, so I said, "Well, I'll say good-bye now and go and find my train. I expect he'll come back and do you next. The porter will stay and bring our luggage up to the trains when you're through. Good-bye."

Miss Bradley said "Oh... good-bye and thank you so much." We shook hands and I left with some relief, mixed with a feeling that I was being slightly rude.

I found my seat in the Golden Arrow and began to read. Twenty minutes later I suddenly realised that the train was due to leave in five minutes and that the porter had still not brought my luggage. I was just setting off to look for him when he appeared, panting, with my suit-



She was standing there saying "Porter—!" rather feebly.

★ FIRST of a new series of stories by famous authors to keep you guessing

The deplorable part of this story is that had I only been a nicer, kinder and more patient person, and really set out to see Miss Bradley safely to London, or had not been too snobbish to claim her luggage as mine, it would almost certainly have been casually passed with mine or, if it had been opened, I should have had some remarkably awkward explaining to do. In fact, I seem to have been out of Christian charity, and reverted to my normal nature just about in time. But I have often wondered whether when Miss Bradley stood so forlornly on the platform at Calais she had already selected me as the person to come to her rescue, or whether she was just quietly confident that somebody would.

Looking back I am fairly sure that she selected me, though exactly how, I have never been clear. I am quite sure she never made the slightest move to make my acquaintance. But then a conjuror can spread out 32 cards in front of you and make you draw the 10 of diamonds when you are quite sure that the choice was entirely your own.

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NOW, did Nigel Balchin make this story up—or did it really happen to him? Make a note whether you think story No. 1 is FACT or FICTION and compare with the answer on Monday.

DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?
No. 1: Dover Incident
YES NO

By JOHN HYNAM

STRICTLY IN CONFIDENCE

ARMAND GRISSAC, proprietor of Le Magot Vert, peered out at the man sitting at the table at the end of the little terrace. The man certainly knew how to make the most of a petit

bock. "Three hours!" he growled to Gustav, his only waiter. "But for three hours does this type sit there and read our papers and smoke, and look up and down the street like a lost dog?"

Gustav was about to venture a remark, when the telephone rang, and Grissac went to answer it. The conversation came to scraps to the waiter, but it sounded pretty sharp.

"I tell you I have no fear. It can be done. Even if I burn them..." The telephone crackled with the words coming from the other end.

"Ah!" snapped Armand, "ferme ta gueule!" And he slammed down the receiver. He rejoined Gustav.

"What is he doing now?" "The miserly customer put down his paper."

"Ah ha!" said the proprietor, rubbing his paunch in reflective fashion. "A country type, I should say. A Norman, by the way he throws his money about. I am going to investigate this. Where does he think he is—in the garden of his maternal aunt?"

Grissac went out on to the terrace, and approached the man with practised deference. One had to be polite until one was sure. The man was somewhere between forty-five and fifty, clad in ill-fitting clothes that were obviously the product of some country tailor, and one who was not particularly good at his trade. He had a brown, lined face, and a slow and watery eye. He looked up at Armand, laying down his paper as he did so. Armand caught the headline, "COUNTERFEITERS STILL AT

LARGE STATEMENT FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE BANK OF FRANCE."

"Good day, M'sieur," This was Grissac at his most courteous.

"Good day, M'sieur," le patron. What a fine little café you have here. They have nothing like this in Caen."

"Ah!" said Armand to himself. "What a judge of character! I am! A Norman! I said to Gustav, and I was right."

"M'sieur is waiting for someone," enquired Grissac. "M'sieur has been here a long time," he added meaningly.

The paysan did not seem to notice the hint in the last remark. It seemed to Armand that the man was troubled; he sat there in the bright sunshine, fiddling with his glass.

"Yes," came the hesitant reply, "I am waiting for a gentleman. A gentleman," he repeated impressively.

Armand nodded seriously, his three chins and the wagging of his fine moustache adding dignity to his gesture of understanding.

"Ah, yes. A gentleman. They are rare these days. You are sure that he is a gentleman?"

"But of course. He dressed so elegantly that there was no doubt; and his cultured accents and his charm. Oh yes, I can assure you, M'sieur le patron, there is no mistake; Monsieur Laroche was indeed a gentleman and a man of honour. I was proud to make his acquaintance."

Again Armand used his portentous nod.

"May I be so bold as to enquire if he is an acquaintance of long standing?" (Why was he standing here bandying words with this country clod, he wondered?)

"Oh no. It was but two days ago, in the Jardin des Plantes. I am here on holiday, you see. He was looking very sad and miserable when I met him, and soon we were in conversation. I pressed him to tell me the reason for his sorrow, and, at length, after much persuasion, he did so. It was a terrible story—of disaster, after daily disaster, war upon war. I assure you, M'sieur, that I wept great tears of compassion for this poor unfortunate gentleman."

THE MAN WHO MAKES NEWS

By BERNARD RONALD

Milan. WHO is Italy's most popular personality? No, you are wrong.... it's not Gina Lollobrigida, Silvana Pampanini or any other glamorous girl from Rome's Hollywood-on-Tiber.

Nor is it Franco Mario Scelba, for politicians are as likely to earn bouquets as bouquets in this post-Mussolini age of free speech for hecklers.

The idol of Italy has definitely no sex appeal, though signorinas swam around him and fight to get his autograph. He lacks the gift of the gab, yet invitations to speak at dinners up and down the country pour into his home every day.

His name is Fausto Coppi, and it is a name that is chalked on tens of thousands of walls. A name that starts fights if anyone is as unwise as to criticise him. A name that even Lollobrigida cannot compete with as a drawing card — for millions line the roads to cheer him and thousands more climb bleak mountain passes to get a ten-second glimpse of him.

What's his line? Riding a bicycle — and getting paid over \$20,000 a year for his pedalling.

Fausto is, as he himself admits, no glamour boy. But when he is riding in a race, all Italy stops to hear: the special radio news flashes giving his position at the various stages.

Cycling is more than Italy's national sport — it is a fever that makes every man, woman, boy and girl run a temperature. Coppi is the national hero. And the ins and outs of his form play havoc with Latin emotions.

Coppi can out-pedal any road-racing cyclist in the world. And the Italians know it. When he rocketed away from the opposition to win the 1953 world championship by over seven minutes, fans got so hysterical that Fausto had to have special police protection for a week.

What there is in his scrawny, bony-kneed legs that shoots him up the steepest mountain climb way ahead of everybody else is a secret, that baffles scientists as well as his opponents.

He has been legs insured for a fortune. They are the most famous legs Italy has ever known. They interest the Latins far more than the legs of any Roman film star. Song-writers may tell us that "It's a woman's world," but this does not apply to Italy.

Every Italian is Coppi-conscious. The signorinas and signorinas too.

SATURDAY
SHORT
STORY

Two cognacs," commanded Laroche. "Big ones. Ah, my dear friend, how can I thank you..."

Armand did not hear the rest of his words, but he knew the way this one went. Well, this was where he put a spoke in their wheel. He went to a drawer behind the zinc-covered bar, and extracted some notes of large denominations. Then, carrying the drinks, he returned to the terrace, and placed them before the two. The Norman greeted him boisterously.

"Well, patron, I have told of your wager. Do you agree that I have won?"

"But, of course," replied Grissac. He was chuckling inwardly. They still thought they were the great confidence tricksters, at a thousand francs a time!

Laroche said: "My friend here was betting on a certainty, you know!"

Grissac shrugged. He smiled a bit, to show that he could take a loss, and then he asked diffidently: "Could either of you gentlemen oblige me with some thousand franc notes for these five thousand? This business of change is a constant problem."

Laroche offered to do so, and counted out twenty-five thousand franc notes for the five bills presented by Armand. Then they left. The money in his hand, Grissac scooped to his telephone. He must tell the Ardis that all the first lot were gone now, and that he could do with some more, at once. He wriggled with delight and impatience as he dialled the number and waited.

He carried the bundle of notes in his hand. All the five thousand francs were gone now! He would show what a good distributor he was! He would show....

He stared at the notes in a sudden frenzy. He dropped the receiver he was holding and rushed, fearful, to the light. Yes, no 1,250. These were forgeries, too! So he had made no profit out of the two swindlers after all!

There was a movement near him—and a clink of metal. He looked up and found himself gazing down the barrel of an automatic, held unwaveringly in the delicate hand of M. Laroche.

The peasant from Cuen stepped forward and clicked a pair of handcuffs over Grissac's wrists.

"I am Detective-Inspector Doumergue, of the Surete," the elegant gentleman informed him, "and I arrest you on a charge of passing counterfeit money. These confidence tricks lend themselves to some interesting variations, do they not?"

"Happily," continued the countryman, "this family fortune had turned the corner at last. In two days, he said, the will of an old uncle in Morocco would be cleared up, and he would be quite solvent again."

"And all he needed," continued Armand, taking up the

JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

...this situation calls for a San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

SMART TWO-PIECE IN
BRODERIE ANGLAISE

This year's favourite is the sheath dress with matching jacket. Here you see it in white broderie anglaise, the dress with halter neckline and cummerbund waist, the jacket with roll collar and three-quarter length sleeves. By Julian Rose.—Express Photo.

New Fabrics And
Colours Featured In
Paris Collections

Paris. FABRICS and colour play a role in the Spring collections, second only to silhouette news.

There are important new trends towards hard finish men's suitings and flannels for day wear, contrasted by soft fabrics like chiffon, silk crepes, organzas and supple cottons in the formal scene.

Women may be tailored and severely groomed during the daytime. If they like, but they must be romantic and feminine after dark.

Hand-in-hand with boulevard suits and ensembles, coat dresses and tunics, the dry hard finish sleek woollens and pin striped flannels endorse the mannish air.

Patterned fabrics also make news, with the continued popularity of tweeds in everything from wool to silk and cotton. There are stripes and irregular weaves, besides a marked revival of Clan and Glen plaids, shadow plaids, and Shepherd's and hound tooth checks.

ALL-ROUND COTTONS

Some tweeds take on rustic hand-loomed effects in screened, pebbled or oatmeal weaves.

Cottons have never been stronger, featured from early morning until midnight. Lanvin uses cotton for the missing eight hours in the day's schedule, starting in a charming cotton or gandy house coat and nightie in pale shell pink, bound with washable satin ribbon.

There are new cotton fabrics in quilted and patterned weaves. Many resemble silk with shiny, satinised finishes, or take on additional glamour with metallic thread in damask and brocade effects.

Blended and synthetic fabrics are commanding increasing recognition by leading Parisian designers, who formerly turned up their noses at anything that wasn't "pure silk," "pure wool," or "pure something."

NON-TARNISH THREADS

Givenchy showed a special collection with all models made in onion fabrics. Nylon is strong in puckered types at Chanel, while other houses stress the use of lurex, the new non-tarnishing metal thread which adds a subtle gleam to synthetic fabrics.

Patou introduces a formal model made of metallic sock cloth—shown without the proverbial castles.

Lace is all-important on both heavy and sheer effects. There are delicate Chantilly and Alen-

con laces, or new, two-toned or semi-detached guipures.

Prints are less in evidence than in recent summers, and generally away from florids. Instead the accent is on blurred, modernistic effects in cross-hatching, wire screening, broken line stripes, or gravel and stone quarry motifs.

Christian Dior uses some bird and leaf prints, while Balenciaga repeats a shadowy grey and black ground, highlighted with azure blue dragonflies.

Other trends in prints, which also show up in embroideries, are towards old fashioned types of canoes, medallions, vines and garlands, often handled like wallpaper.

18TH CENTURY DESIGNS

Embroideries are featured in new types, again veering away from classical floral designs. There are ecclesiastical and liturgical symbols, or 18th century adaptations of scrolling, scalloped tiers, and bandings which step straight from the pages of Versailles. One source of inspiration appeared to have been the 18th century costume exhibition held at the Carnavalet Museum in Paris last autumn.

Many fabric patterns and embroideries are direct copies of designs worn before the French Revolution.

Colours are pale and light, with a trend towards the beige and parchment family and yellow, replacing last summer's pinks and blues. Yellow emerges in every tone as the single most important shade.

Dior calls his particular light shade "Queen's Hair." Other fashion houses favour every pale and creamy hue, deepening into gamboge and bright mustard, particularly stressed at Pith, taken from Van Gogh and Gauguin canvases.

A COMEBACK

Navy blue stages a real comeback for the first time in years. It is shown in dark midnight blue or lighter "naval officer's blue" at Lanvin.

Tawny browns are featured at both Dior and Balenciaga, in rich earth and greyish casts. Reds carry over from winter, often paired in brilliant sunrise combinations.

New tweeds marry three or four different shades of red, from pink into deep bluish tones. There are also many flower rods, including geranium, geranium, as well as glowing corals and orange reds.

For evening, Dior uses an almond green which he calls "Daphne," as well as several "candy" and "puma" violets.

China Mail Special.

THE COVER-UP LOOK
FOR SWIMSUITS

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

London. THE 1955 swimsuits try to look as much like a dress and as little like a swimsuit as possible. Most of them owe something to the fashion world.

There's the chemise suit. This is the newest shape, and though it may appear something like the original swimsuit, continental designers have been promoting it as the last word in fashion this year. It gives us the new cover-up look, with its half sleeves and bloomer legs, though the neckline is still scooped out. It is made in elasticised boucle in a wide range of colours, including rose, kingfisher, gold and white.

Next, there's the princess line suit. With its long seams shaped into the waist, this is the perfect waist-whittler. It is made in a firm rayon batiste, the corset material.

★ ★ ★

Then there's the sarong suit. It is made of nylon batiste, and designed something like a girdle. With its front panel draped over a non-stretch inner panel, it is good for those with generous proportions.

Nearly all the new swimsuits have detachable straps, and most have optional boning. For detail, they have jaunty white revers, are decorated with white daisies, or have white braid trimming. Necklines are varied this year. They can be a wide scoop, with wide straps, or a halter crossing over in the front.

Materials are varied, too. Topping them all is the fabric woven with a narrow band of lurex—the American gold thread which is laminated with cellophane to make it rustproof. The nicest version we saw was in ice blue, with a band of gold thread, narrow as a pencil stroke, zig-zagging across the material.

Then comes crimped nylon, a slightly stretchy fabric, made on the same principle as crepe nylon stockings, which keeps its shape well. Naturally you will pay more for a nylon swimsuit than a cotton one, but you get your money's worth in its quick-drying, hard-wearing qualities.



Three of the new swimsuits—the chemise suit in boucle, a square-necked suit in striped latex, and the princess line suit in batiste trimmed with daisies.

Prints on swimsuit fabrics look more like those on dress fabrics. They vary from the chintzy rosebuds on the frilly confections to the spot patterns on the tailored types. Also seen around: a Chinese brush pattern, candy stripes, and a colourful hot-house print.

Many of the cotton swimsuits have a matching stole or beach jacket. They are lined with white towelling so that they will do double duty as a beach wrap.

When choosing a new swimsuit, make sure that it has been scientifically tested. Enquire whether its colours will be fast to sun, sea water and to strong chemicals in swimming baths.

all of which can be disastrous to unprepared fabrics. Reliable firms will not put a fabric on the market unless it has been rigorously tested—and that includes being submerged for a day in chlorinated water.

★ ★ ★

Sure sign that summer is on its way to London are these four new fashions seen around town:

Pale shoes. These are much smarter than white for warm weather wear. They may be pink, blue, cream, or sand in colour. In style, they are low cut pumps, with Louis heels and no trimming.

Flower trimmed hats. Newest shape is a small close-fitting cap, massed with mixed summer flowers. Some of them are crescent-shaped, more entirely of pink carnations.

The lavender two-piece. One suggestion is a short-sleeved coat in deep lavender, worn over a dress of pale lavender. The short evening dress. Back in favour again are the bouffant, ballet-length dresses. Coral red organza made one new style, with layered skirts and straps set at the tip of the shoulders.

Spring and summer novelties in America include

Slipcover Hats And
Suntan Shoes

New York. HATS with slipcovers. Shoes that suntan. Jewellery inspired by the birds and bees.

These are some of the novel ideas designers have created for what promises to be the most colourful spring and summer yet in the fashion accessories business.

Those hats with slipcovers are what their designer, John Frederick, calls "extra dividends" because a woman actually gets two or three hats in one.

Typical is a gold straw baret with removable white lace slipcover elasticised to fit the hat closely. This is two hats and a snood in one—the baret can be worn alone, with cover, or the cover can be worn on the back of the head.

Detachable Brims

"The longer hair trend will revive the snood," said the milliner.

Another designer, Lily Dache, gets double duty from some of her hats, made with detachable brims, so that a girl has a choice of little hat or big one. One such has a white lace crown, or cap, which lies under the chin with an aqua grosgrain ribbon. The wide, detachable brim is of sheer tulle.

Shoes that suntan are in a soft finished leather called corkette. The Leather Industries of America says it starts out as an off-white but grows darker and more golden in tone with wear and exposure to sunshine.

Everywhere, there's colour underfoot. Favourite shoe shades are yellow, cornflower blue, mauve pink and brilliant red. But you'll also see the subdued tans and greens.

Several manufacturers feature polka dots in both shoes and purses—cornflower blue on a white background, navy on white, beige on brown.

More Ropes

Any man who hoped the rope necklace trend would last only the winter is in for a rude awakening. There are more ropes, and more masses of jewellery than ever. The 60-inch jewelled rope is as commonplace as the 30-inch rope of last autumn. Newest are those spaced with such motifs as chains, flowers, birds and other novelties.

One shorter necklace is made of tiny white beads, spaced with larger daisy-shaped yellow ones, and finished off with one huge glass bee.

Jewellery is just as colourful as footwear, with designers using unusual combinations. Judith McCann of New York combines bright orange and just as bright pink, and deep emerald with turquoise.

And this spring, you'll see so many pastels—pink, yellow and blue—on jewellery counters, you'll wonder what ever became of the pearl-coloured pearl.—United Press.

The White Collar Girl
Is Getting Popular

New York. THIS is the year of the white collar girl. White collars, many of them moderate in size but most of them large, show on dresses, suits and coats.

To keep them white and crisp means a little work, but it's worth it. White collars and cuffs should be washed after each wearing. Since makeup and hair oil often soil the neckline, brush soapuds along the edges during the washing. Or use an ordinary comb as a

miniature washboard to "scrub" fine fabric edges.

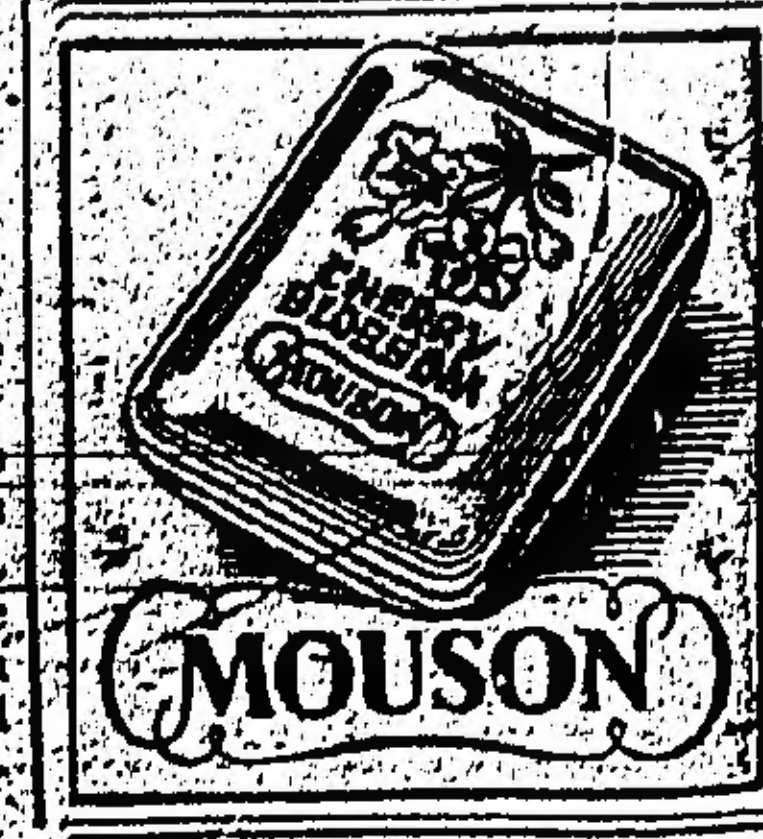
Before washing a double collar which needs ironing, run long basting threads 1/2 inch in from the outer seam. After the collar has been washed, rinsed and pressed lightly, remove the basting and give it a final firm ironing.

Press pebble-weave piques on a thick towel to preserve the pebbly texture. Press lace or eyelet embroidery collars with a towel underneath and a cloth on top—the latter to protect open work from being snagged by the iron too.

Surprise tip: a very little granulated sugar in the last rinse will "starch" a small, sheer white bow or collar. Use cold water starch to crisp heavier cottons.—United Press.

Colouring
Hair Cream

New York. Now you can rub new colour into your hair, in much the same manner you would apply pomade. One cosmetics house is out with a cream in various shades of red, brunette, blonde, platinum or grey. Actually, the manufacturer says, the cream highlights the natural shade and at the same time helps condition the hair.—United Press.



a suggestion for the GARDEN PARTY

"ODE TO THE SUN"
sundress

For sunshine or evening star, a beautiful flowering of cotton draped to your bosom in fashion's new Grecian mood. Add a jewel, a petticoat, and it becomes one of the loveliest dance dresses you ever owned. S.M.L.

Paquerette Ltd

16A Gloucester Arcade, Tel. 21157.



"Parisette"

ALL OF FRENCH ORIGIN

HONG KONG HOTEL

ROOM 211

You wouldn't feel so "depressed" if you wore Cole of California's new "Bosom Friend" swimsuits from

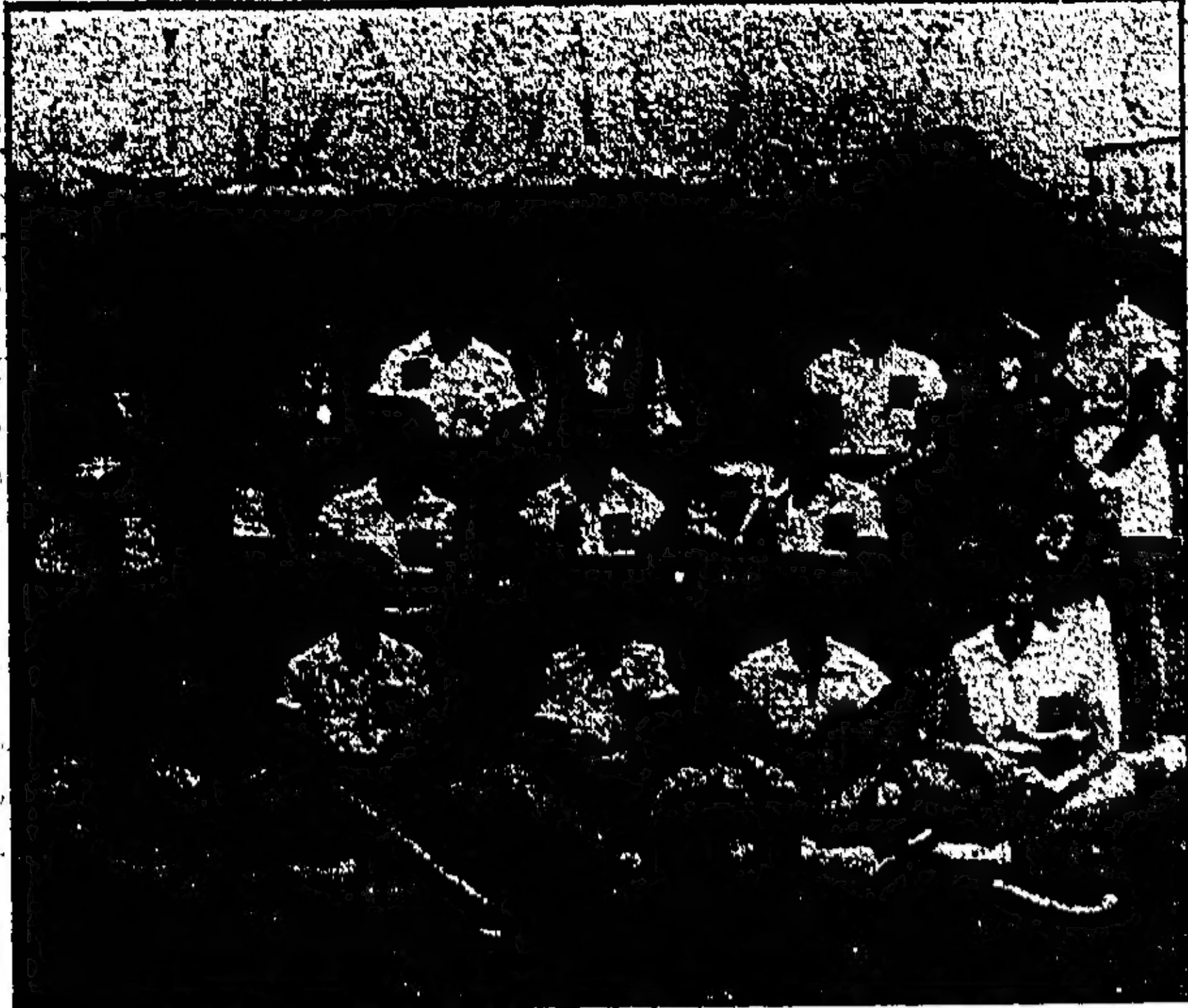
The Little Shop

Repulse Bay Hotel (Private line) 22-228





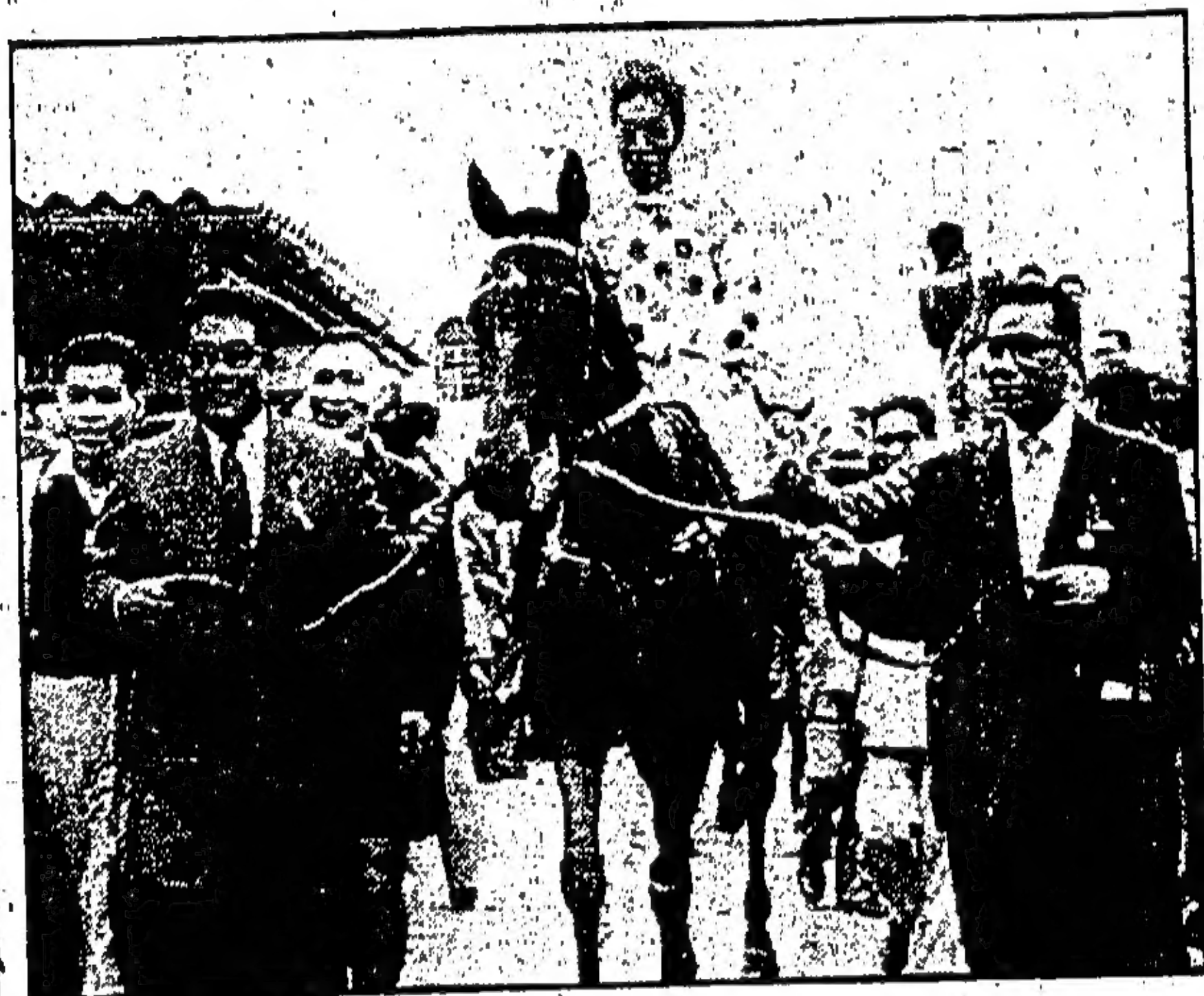
GROUP at St Margaret's Church after the wedding of Dr Norman Hing and Miss Dora Yeh. The ceremony took place last Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)



LAST week-end's ladies' international hockey. Here are teams representing Scotland and Holland. The former won. (Staff Photographer)



LAST Saturday's Kowloon Wolf Cubs annual rally at Gun Club Hill. Top picture shows a competitor in one of the novelty races. Immediately above is the 38th Lai Chark School Pack, which won the F.C. Clemo Trophy. (Staff Photographer)



LIGHTNING FEET, which won the Hongkong Derby last Saturday, being led in after the race at Happy Valley. The jockey is Mr Peter Wei. Below: The owner, Mr K. K. Fung, receiving the trophy from Mrs J. F. Macgregor. (Staff Photographer)



AT one of the Easter services at the Roman Catholic Cathedral—the "Blessing of Fire." The Bishop, Monsignor Lawrence Bianchi, lighting the giant Paschal Candle. Right: Another scene at the service. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Players in last Sunday's friendly cricket match between Hongkong Cricket Club and Combined Services. The match was drawn. (King's)



BAPTISM of Julian Patrick, infant son of Captain and Mrs Patrick H. Lee (7th Hussars), at St Andrew's Church. (Mainland)

BELOW: The Rev. G. M. Stevenson conducting the sunrise service on Easter Sunday on The Peak. Many members of the Hongkong Union Church attended. (Staff Photographer)

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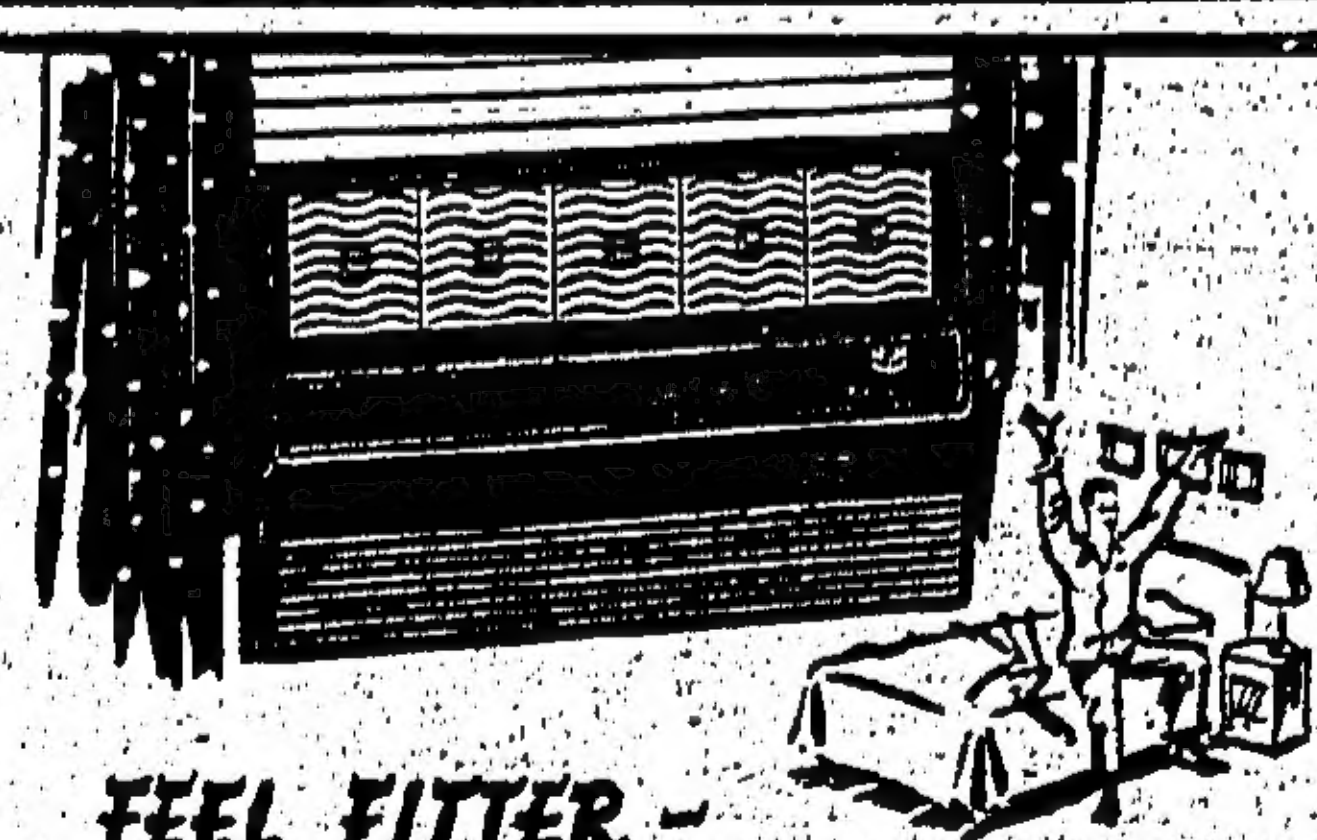
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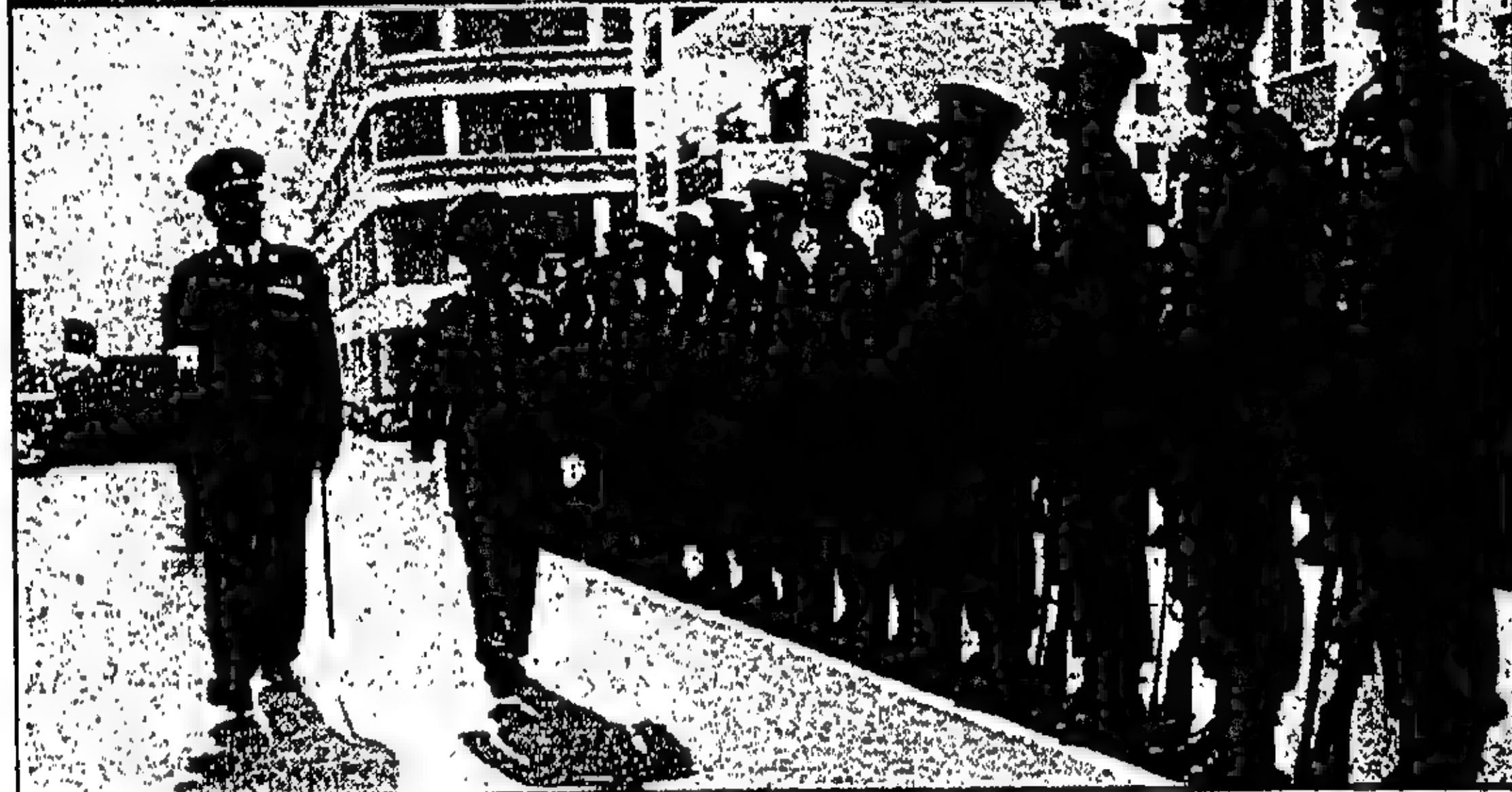
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THE Macao Police Commissioner, Captain V. J. Teixeira Braganca, inspecting a Hongkong Police guard of honour on his visit to Police headquarters here on Wednesday. In corner picture, he listens to sub-inspector Cheng Hui-ming at the Identification Bureau. Mr. K. A. Bidmead, Deputy Commissioner, is second from left. On extreme right is Lt. Marques.

A toast being honoured at the annual dinner of the Hongkong Referees' Association, held at the Peninsula Hotel. Third from right is the Chairman, Mr. Brig. Young. (Staff Photographer)

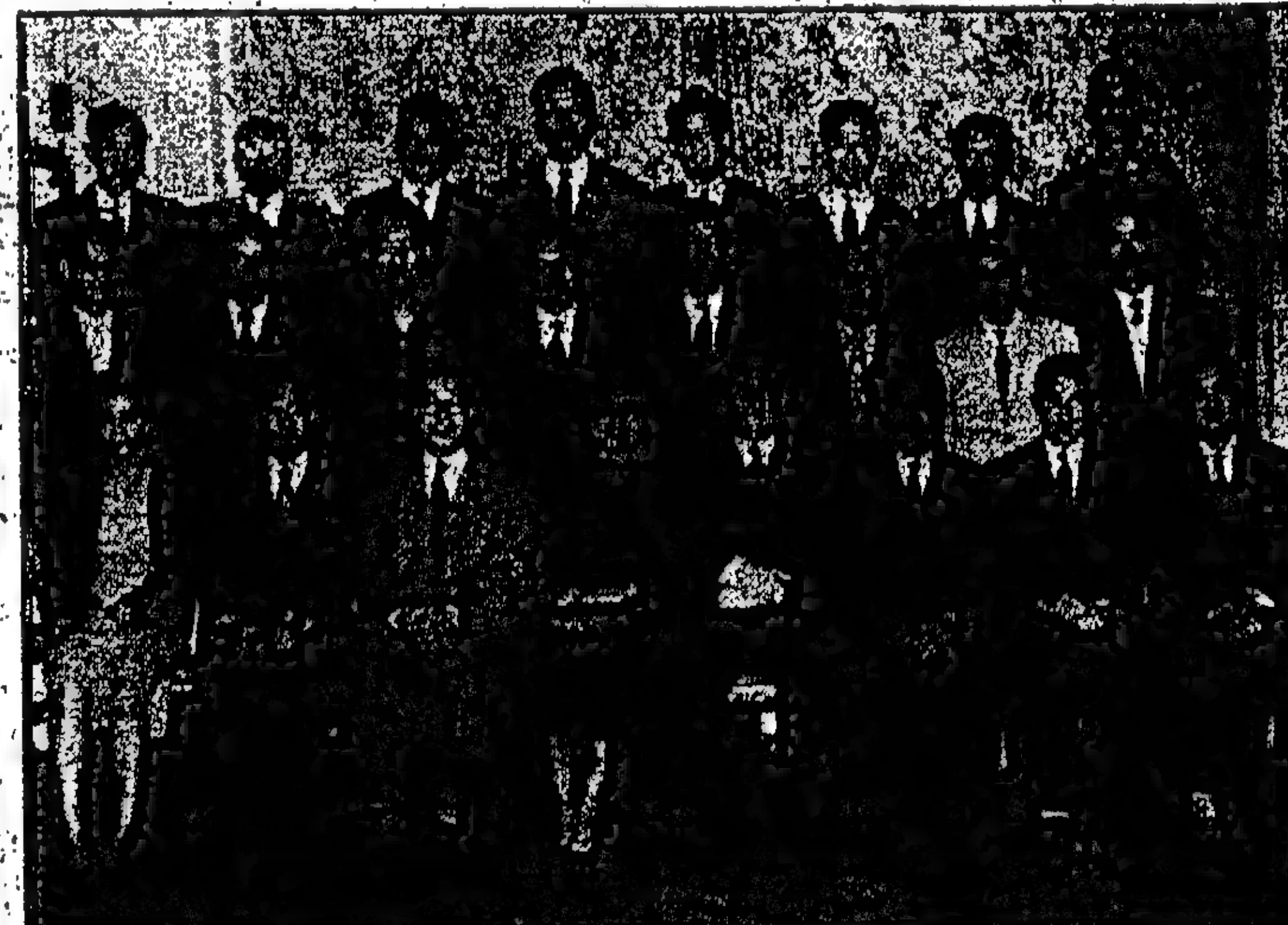
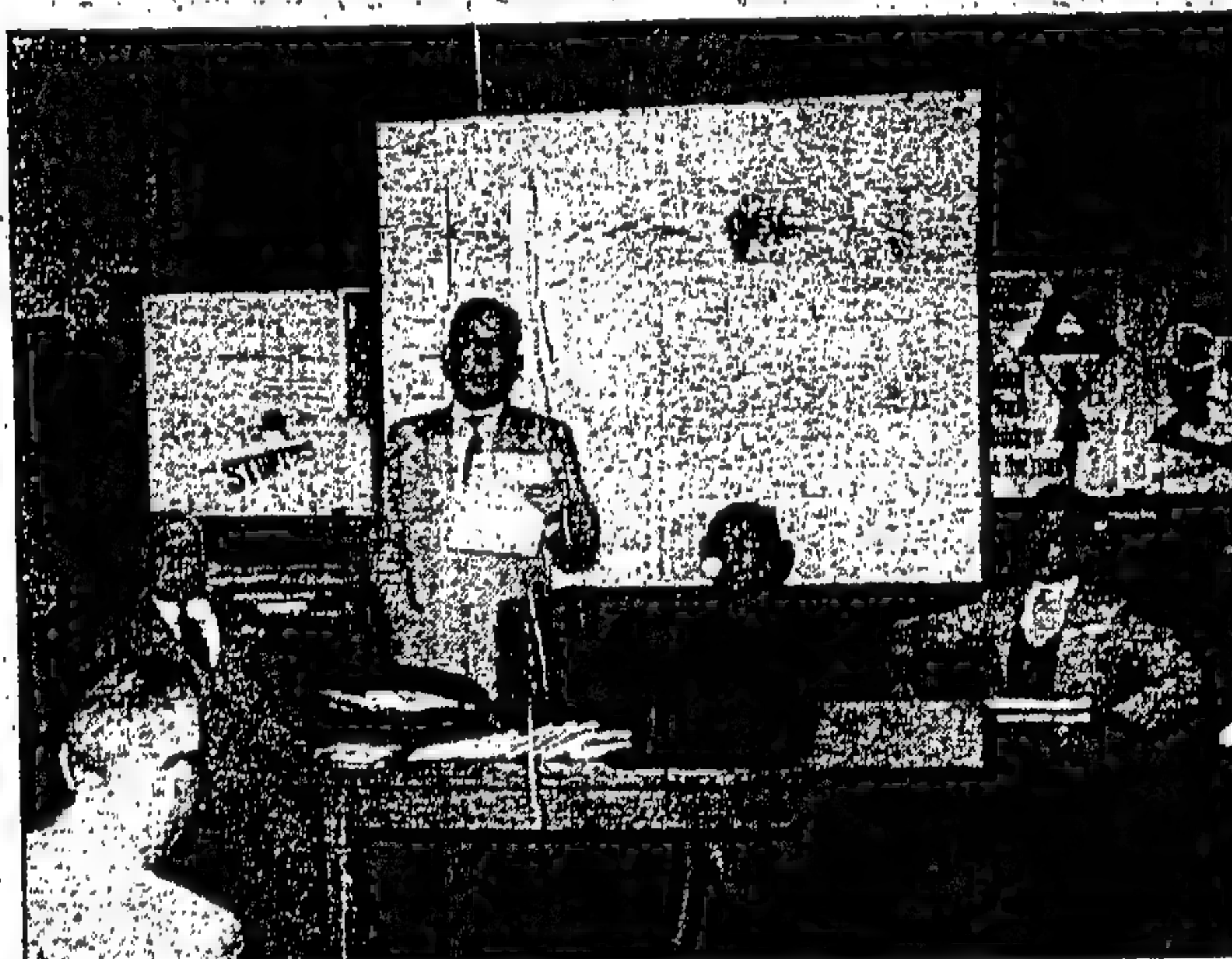
PICTURED on the steps of St John's Cathedral after their wedding on Wednesday are Captain Leo Heathcote Plummer, RA, and his bride, the former Miss Judyth Ann Dalby. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Wedding at St Andrew's Church on Monday. The bride is Miss Ida Pan and the groom Mr. Duncan Au. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Dr I. C. Fang, Regional Director of the World Health Organisation, speaking at the World Health Day gathering at the British Council last week. (Staff Photographer)



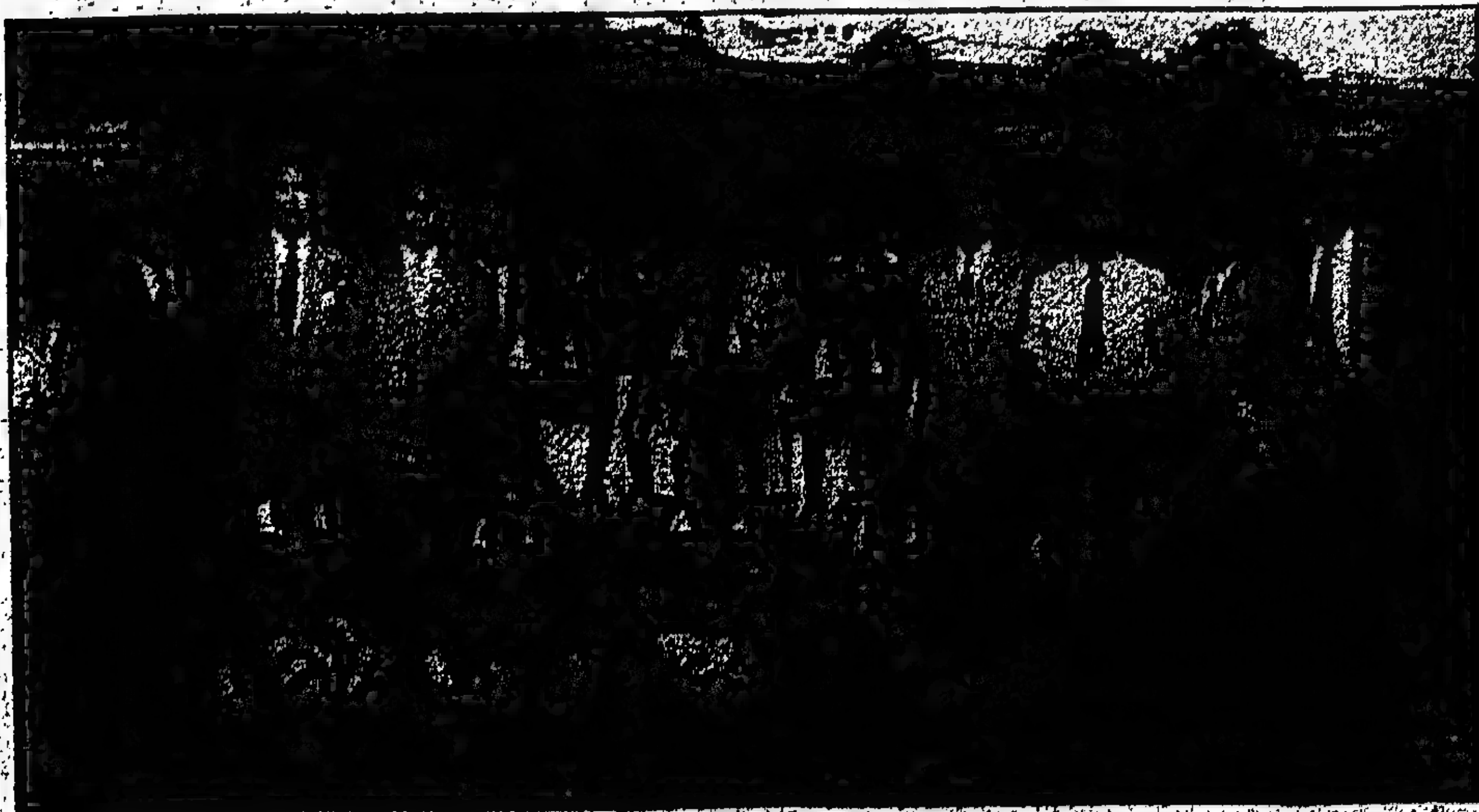
LADY GRANTHAM watching boys at work on her visit to the Sea Training School and Boys' Camp at Stanley on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: At the dinner given by Gando, Price and Co., Ltd. in honour of Mr. Sven Baltzersen, from Denmark. From left: Mr. S. H. Wong, Mr. Baltzersen, Mrs. Jasmine Chan, Mr. J. N. Wong and Mr. W. Hyde. (Staff Photographer)

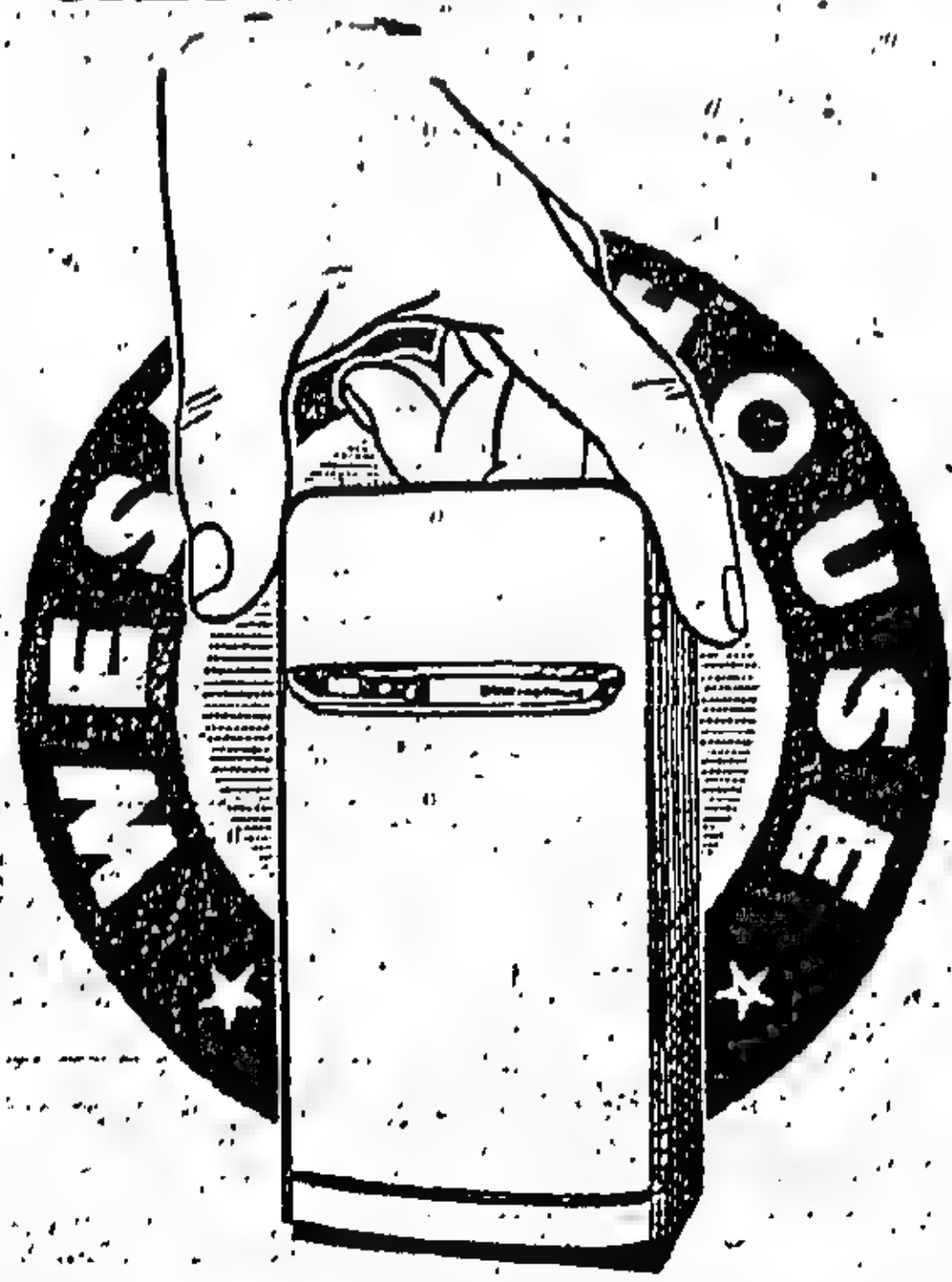


COMBINED birthday and farewell party given to Mr. K. W. Cotton, Senior Accountant of the Kowloon-Canton Railway, by the Accounts and Stores Staff at the Kam Tong Restaurant. (Willie's)

BELOW: After winning the Governor's Cup last Sunday by defeating the Hongkong Football Association team, Chinese Amateur Athletic Federation players pose with some of their officials. Theirs was a sweeping victory of 11 goals to 3. (Staff Photographer)



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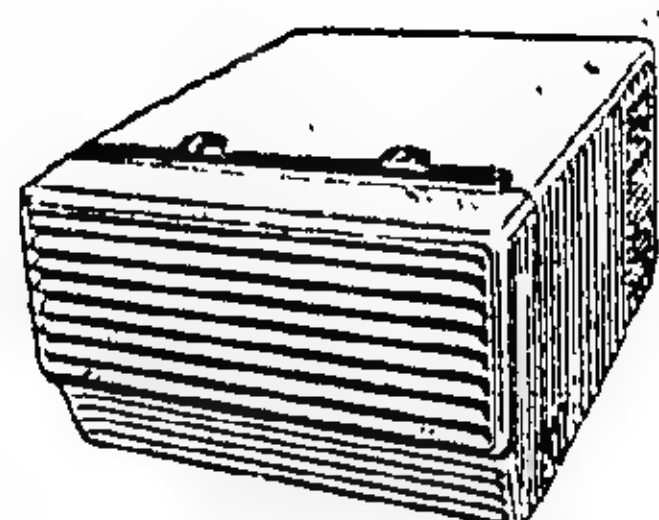
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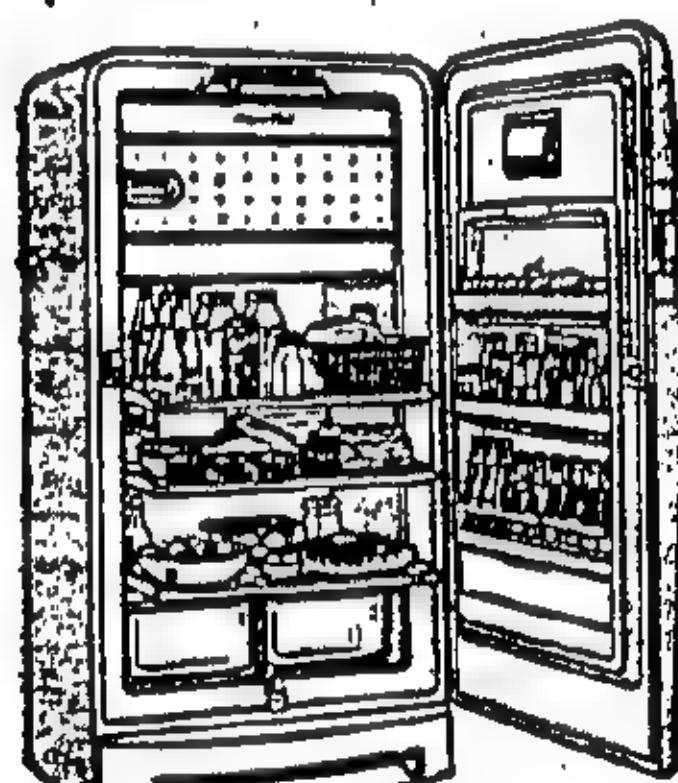
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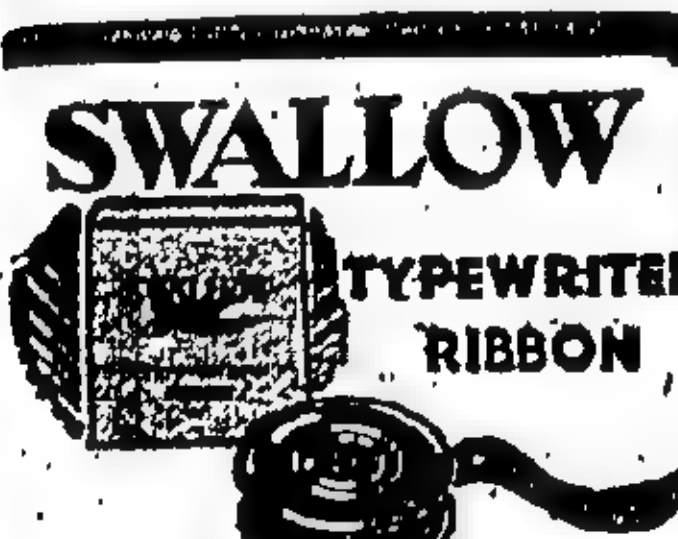
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Useful Tips On Painting Furniture And Toys

By ELEANOR ROSS

IT is fun, and rewarding fun at that, to paint toys or furniture for small children, one's own or others.

We watched a group of school children do a wonderful job on discarded toys and nursery furniture, working as a team for a neighbourhood project. More such items should be reported. We'd find that they not only balance, but outweigh all the wrongdoings of youthful delinquents!

These youngsters had been well briefed about the type of paint to use, the most important piece of information. Since young children are prone to chew on anything within reach when they're teething, and even beyond that stage, it is of vital importance to apply only coatings that cannot be injurious if they are chewed. The makers of coatings are aware of this hazard, and supply manufacturers of children's toys and furniture with coatings that are not harmful, even if eaten.

"But sometimes well-meaning but uninformed people will re-finish toys and furniture with coatings that are intended for outside use. These may contain certain harmful products which, when swallowed, may cause illness and even death."

Finishes designed for use on indoor surfaces seldom contain any such harmful ingredients. It is a good idea, though, always to check with your paint dealer when purchasing paint to use for children's toys and furniture.

To do a good job, be sure that all surfaces to be treated are clean, smooth and free from grease, dirt or flaking paint. Use a detergent when washing a surface. This will remove dirt and grease that might hinder the adhesion of a new coating. Hard, glossy surfaces should be roughened slightly by sanding, to make sure the new coating will adhere properly. All rust on metal objects should be completely removed with steel wool or a wire brush. Before apply-

ing a finish coat, bare metal must be treated with a zinc dust primer. All cracks, crevices and nail head indentations in wood should be filled with a special compound. This needs sanding, when it is dry, to make it level with the surrounding surface. On new wood, be sure to use a primer. If enamel is to be the finish coat, the primer should be an enamel undercoat. When applying the final coating, always remember to work from a dry area into a wet one, after refilling your brush. Remember, too, that lacquer shouldn't be used over a coating that is not of a similar nature. Lacquer used over paint or enamel acts as a paint remover. You can, however, use an oil-base coating or shellac successfully over lacquer.

When using shellac, be sure to thin it with alcohol in accordance with label instructions. As a matter of fact, make it a habit to read and abide by the directions on any new paint product you buy. The maker knows his own product best, and is anxious for consumers to get the best possible use from it.

For painting children's toys and furniture, you usually need small brushes like those that are suitable for window sashes. Even artists brushes come in handy.

When larger surfaces are to be coated, larger brushes and even spray guns are, of course, in order.

The Art Of Furniture Arrangement

By REX PRUITT

Atlanta. A HOUSE, like a highway, needs traffic lanes. Many of the "accidents" in home decorating result when the housewife fails to provide them. The result is a crowded, jumbled room which looks as formidable as a traffic jam on a Sunday afternoon.

One of the best ways to assure that a room has these traffic lanes is by choosing furniture sized in relation to the size of the room.

Select furniture with the completed room in view, whether you're buying one piece or several. I suggest that you work with cutouts or models. This way, scale, size and shape of furniture can be studied and arranged painlessly for the best possible effect.

Personal Touch
Remember to include accessories in this planning—such items as lamps, pictures and mirrors. Once the basic plan-

ning is done, inject your own personality by one extravagant touch.

Actually furniture arrangement is controlled not only by the architectural design of the rooms but also by its purpose in relation to the occupants.

An artistic father, for instance, might want space left in his bedroom for his desk. A bridge fan might prefer a studio-type bed and two permanently placed game tables. A teacher might want to make part of the room a study.

There can be no specific rules for furniture arrangement simply because each room is different. But here are some general suggestions:

In a living room, try for an inviting conversation grouping, again providing these vital traffic lanes. Then adequate reading area with sufficient light, and ample table surface for ashtrays and other small accessories. Select sofa and large chairs with special care, always keeping in mind the amount of space each will take. Do not over-furnish or overcrowd with too many chairs. Folding chairs are easily handled and stored, when extra seating is needed. In a small room, a short sofa is sufficient.

Don't Overcrowd

In the dining room, make sure there's plenty of space for serving while the table is in use. Use a sideboard and large cabinets only when the room is big enough to take them easily. If there is room for table and chairs only, the room can be made to look adequately furnished by use of patterned window hangings or by covering the walls with a decorative paper.

In a bedroom, after you've planned for adequate sleeping and storage facilities, provide a central spot to read or relax, as space permits. Most bedrooms have room for bedside lamps, books, and radio either on tables or on wall shelves.

The rule here—make the bedroom completely comfortable and convenient for you.—United Press

A Nutritious Coffee Beverage

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

"NOW so much is said and written about using more milk in the adult diet it seems strange to me, Madame," said the Chef, "that more nutritionists are not suggesting the use of cafe au lait."

"Perhaps, Chef," I suggested, "this is because they think most persons do not know it merely means coffee with hot milk. It is, certainly a good way for any adult to drink 8 ounces of milk a day regularly, between their breakfast and dinner cups, almost without being aware of it. At the same time it supplies calcium, which is lacking in most adult diets."

"How is cafe au lait made in France, Chef?"
"The coffee is dripped twice as strong as usual, and combined for service in a large cup with an equal amount of very hot milk. The coffee pot is held in one hand, the milk jug in the other, and the two are poured simultaneously into the cup to mix thoroughly."

Here, we can use homogenized milk, which makes a smooth blend even more complete. And the coffee beverage can easily be made double-strength by using 2 teaspoons instant coffee to each half coffee cup of boiling water."

DINNER

Vegetable Soup
Blanquette of Veal
Parsley Potatoes
Carrots and Peas
Tossed Lettuce Bowl
Cream Cheese Heated Crackers
Jelly
Coffee Tea Milk

All Measurements Are Level
Recipes Proportioned to Serve 4 to 6

Blanquette of Veal: Cut 2 lbs. shoulder or breast of veal into 8 portions suitable for serving. Place in a 2 qt. saucepan. Add 1 tsp. each salt and monosodium glutamate. Pour in 4 c. boiling water. Bring to boiling point. Add ½ sliced peeled onion, 1 sliced peeled carrot, 2 whole cloves, 2 sprigs parsley and 1 small bay leaf.

Cover, simmer about 1½ hrs. or until veal is tender. Then remove meat and strain off broth. There should be 1½ c.

Melt 2 tbsp. butter or margarine in a saucepan. Stir in 2½ tsp. flour and, when smooth, slowly stir in the hot broth. Stir and cook until boiling.

Beat 1 egg with a fork, and add ¼ c. undiluted evaporated milk or dairy-soured cream. Stir into boiling sauce, and cook and stir 1 min. Add ½ tsp. lemon juice, ¼ tsp. nutmeg and 1 tsp. minced parsley.

Arrange in centre of a deep platter. Pour over the sauce. Arrange parsleyed white potatoes at each end.

TRICK OF THE CHEF

Add 1 tbsp. minced fresh mint or 1 tsp. reconstituted dried mint to carrots and peas while cooking.

Much of it is extremely short-lived. Faced with the loss of a loved one or of one who is conventionally supposed to be loved, human reactions reflect the type and character of the reactor more than they constitute a true measure of grief. Adjustment to sorrow tends to take a form which expresses the attitudes and philosophies of the bereaved.

Some individuals, in the popular vernacular, go "all to pieces" with extravagant expressions of grief, abandonment of original objectives and orientations, and in extreme cases, expression of a will to die or even attempts at suicide. Paradoxically, this form of mourning may be as brief as it is stormy. Others express themselves through sentimentality; they maintain the deceased's room unchanged for years; if they are able, they create memorials, place tablets in churches or buy elaborate tombstones.

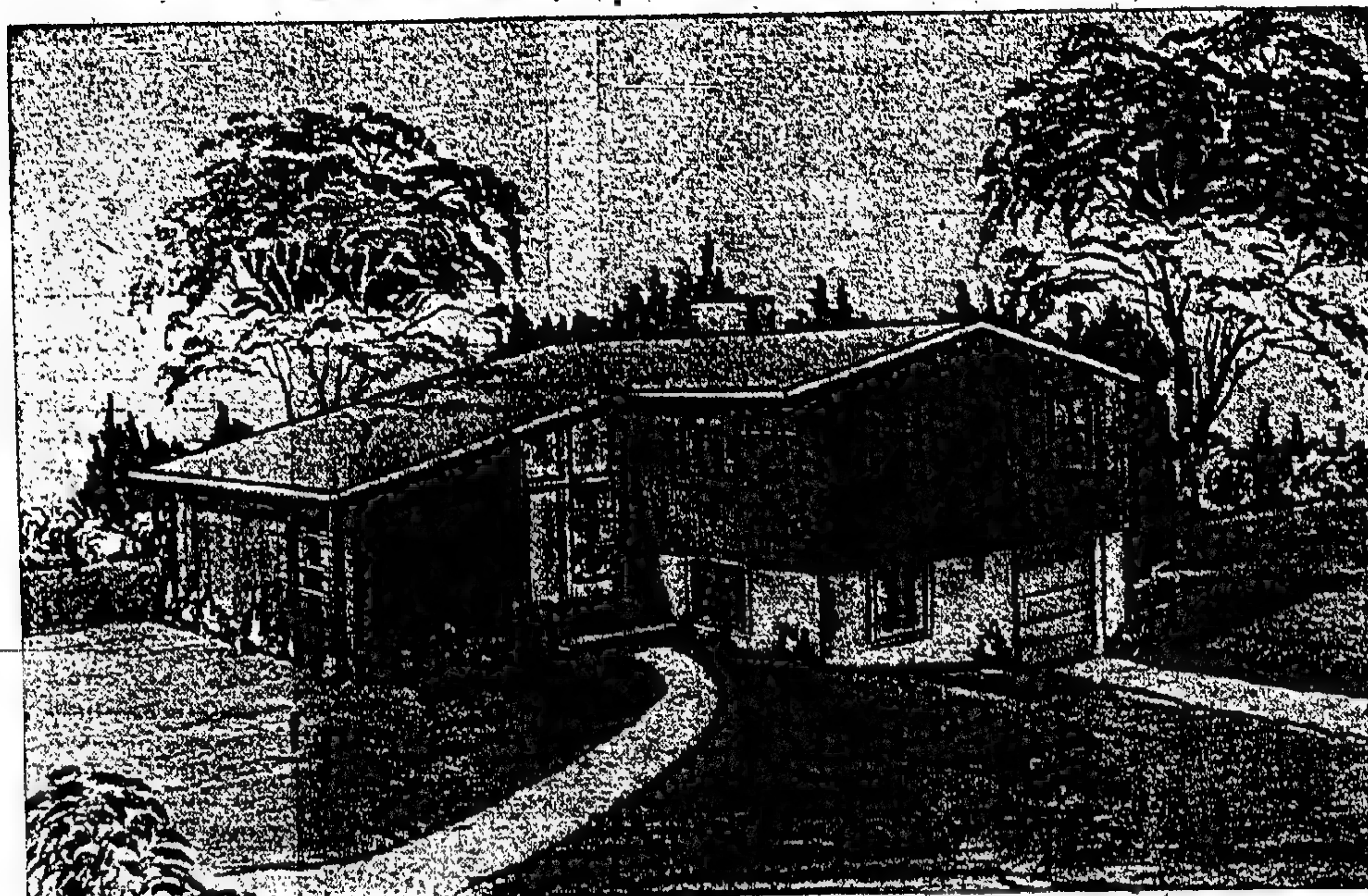
The more successful and logical reactions to grief consist of turning, in due time, to new in-

terests and perhaps new loves without sacrificing the memory of the old. The best, of course, is a religious conviction of immortality with the hope and assurance that death is but a temporary separation. People who are able to make these adjustments create constructive memorials, if any.

There is, of course, plenty of comfort in the Holy Scriptures, both Old and New Testaments. Job found his ultimate comfort in the philosophies of his so-called friends, now sarcastically called "Job's comforters" but in obedience to the will of God. The writings of the prophets, particularly Isaiah, are full of spiritual comfort and so are the Psalms of David, as well as the words of Jesus: "Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Philosophers offer comfort through a more limited nature. Plutarch wrote to his wife when their daughter died at the age of two years, calling to remember not the fact of her death but of the joy they had in her brief span of life. The great

★ MODERN DESIGNS ★



SIMPLE, TASTEFUL and up to the minute, the Salem is a modern split-level home that seems especially well suited to a country setting.

By Joan O'Sullivan

NOTHING could be more up-to-the-minute than the Salem, pictured on top of the page. It's a split-level plan, casually styled and efficiently arranged.

On the lowest level, you'll find the garage, a utility room and a general-purpose room which could be put to any number of good uses. Turn it into a den, make it a sewing room. It could even serve for storage.

The main level is devoted to living room, kitchen and family room. The latter takes the brunt of wear and tear off the living room, providing space for dining and pursuit of hobbies, leaving the living room free for quiet entertaining or the enjoyment of a good book or record.

The kitchen, small and compact, separates living and family room, is convenient to each.

Up seven short steps are three airy bedrooms and two baths. The large back bedroom, which has almost an entire wall of closet space, enjoys its own private bath. A centrally located bath is accessible from the other two bedrooms and is near the stairway to the main level of the house.

The first floor plan of the Salem comprises 17,100 cubic feet.

The other modern home is a three-bedroom plan and



VERTICAL SIDING contrasts pleasingly with this home's horizontal lines which are accentuated by strip windows and a long, low planting box.

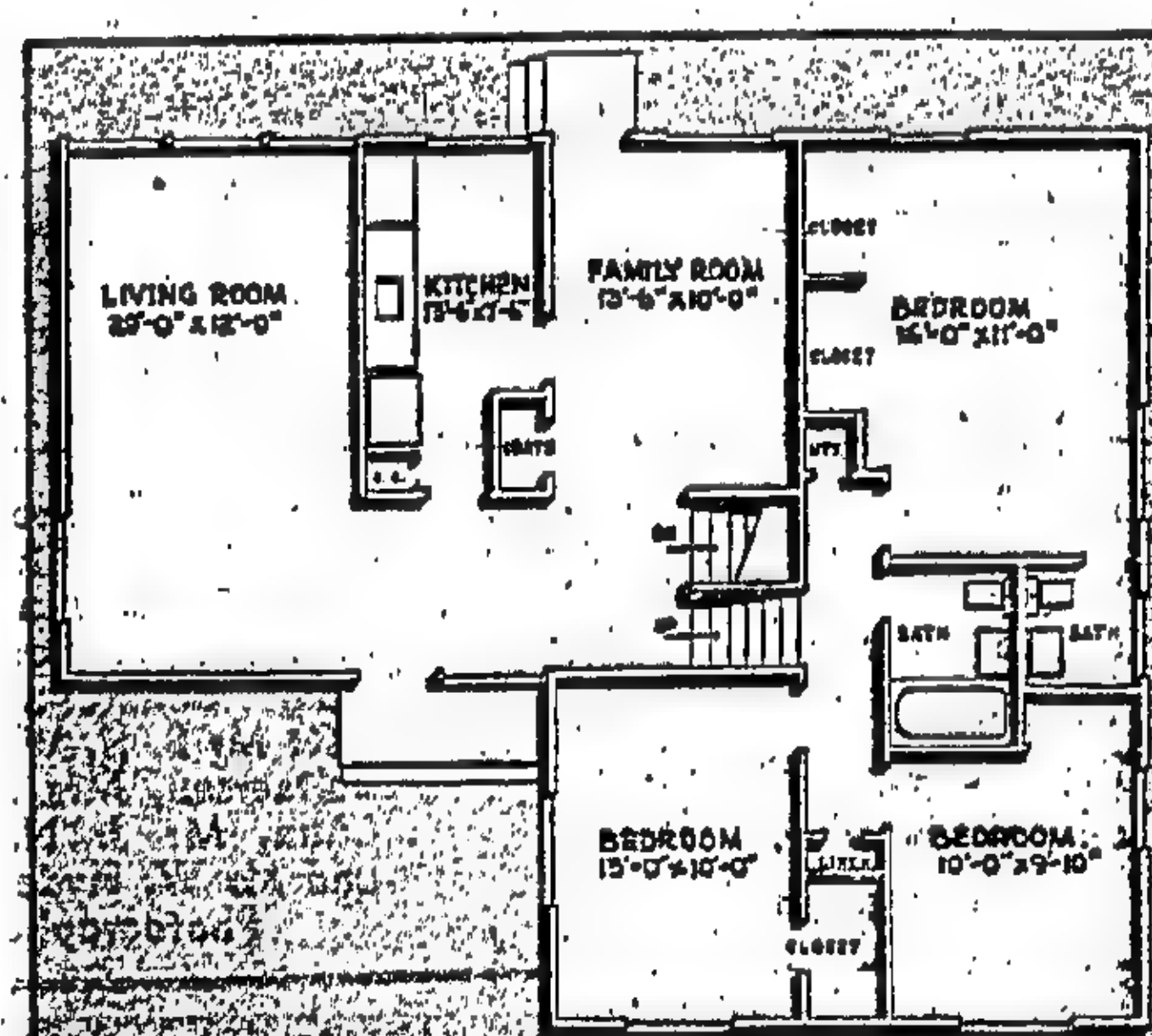
contains very little wasted hall space. Plumbing is economically arranged back-to-back.

Despite such "cost-cutting" features, a luxury note is found in the 20-foot living room, the fireplace with its raised hearth and the dining section, which can be shut off from the living room with a folding partition.

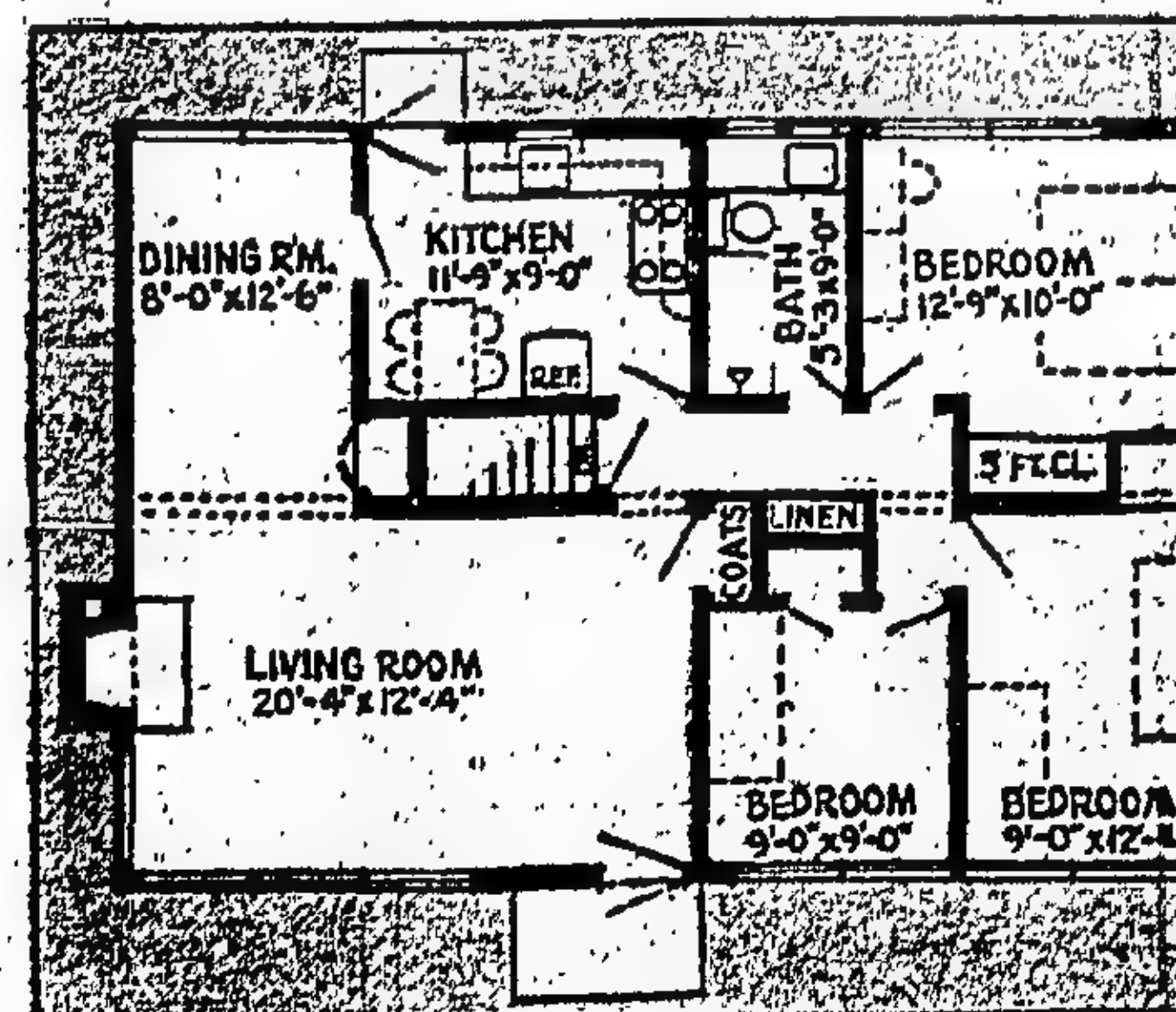
The kitchen has three exits to the back yard, the dining area and a hallway that affords access to the front door.

Two of the three bedrooms are large enough to accommodate twin beds, and all have good closet space.

The design comprises 9,360 cubic feet.



THE MAIN LEVEL of the Salem holds living and working quarters. Bedrooms are on the top level, over the basement-utility room floor.



ECONOMICALLY DEvised, the floor plan of the one-level house offers such luxury features as a 20-foot living room and a raised hearth.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Eggs and cherry powder go. When using a paint roller to well together. Add ½ teaspoon apply on oil-base paint, line of the yellow spice to your roller tray with aluminium favourite devilled egg mixture. Roll. The lining makes cleaning Good for more recovery on top even once the painting is done.

WHAT ABOUT THE CURE OF GRIEF?

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

THE Illinois Medical Journal recently carried an editorial comment under the title "The Cure Of Grief" which opened with an anecdote attributed to Mantacinni, one of history's more notorious quacks. Mantacinni is said to have boldly predicted in a village that on a particular day, he would bring back to life all persons whose deaths had occurred during the preceding 10 years.

Soon the quack began to receive letters and secret visitors, and before the time for the predicted miracle had arrived, the little town was seething with confusion, excitement and apprehension. They escorted Mantacinni out of town to get rid of him but they bribed him handsomely to keep him from coming back and working his miracle.

The late Dr. Thomas N. Horan, in a paper presented before the Des Moines Medical Society, collected considerable data on incidents of grief. Sorrow for the departed takes all sorts of

forms; much of it is extremely short-lived. Faced with the loss of a loved one or of one who is conventionally supposed to be loved, human reactions reflect the type and character of the reactor more than they constitute a true measure of grief. Adjustment to sorrow tends to take a form which expresses the attitudes and philosophies of the bereaved.

Some individuals, in the popular vernacular, go "all to pieces" with extravagant expressions of grief, abandonment of original objectives and orientations, and in extreme cases, expression of a will to die or even attempts at suicide. Paradoxically, this form of mourning may be as brief as it is stormy. Others express themselves through sentimentality; they maintain the deceased's room unchanged for years; if they are able, they create memorials, place tablets in churches or buy elaborate tombstones.

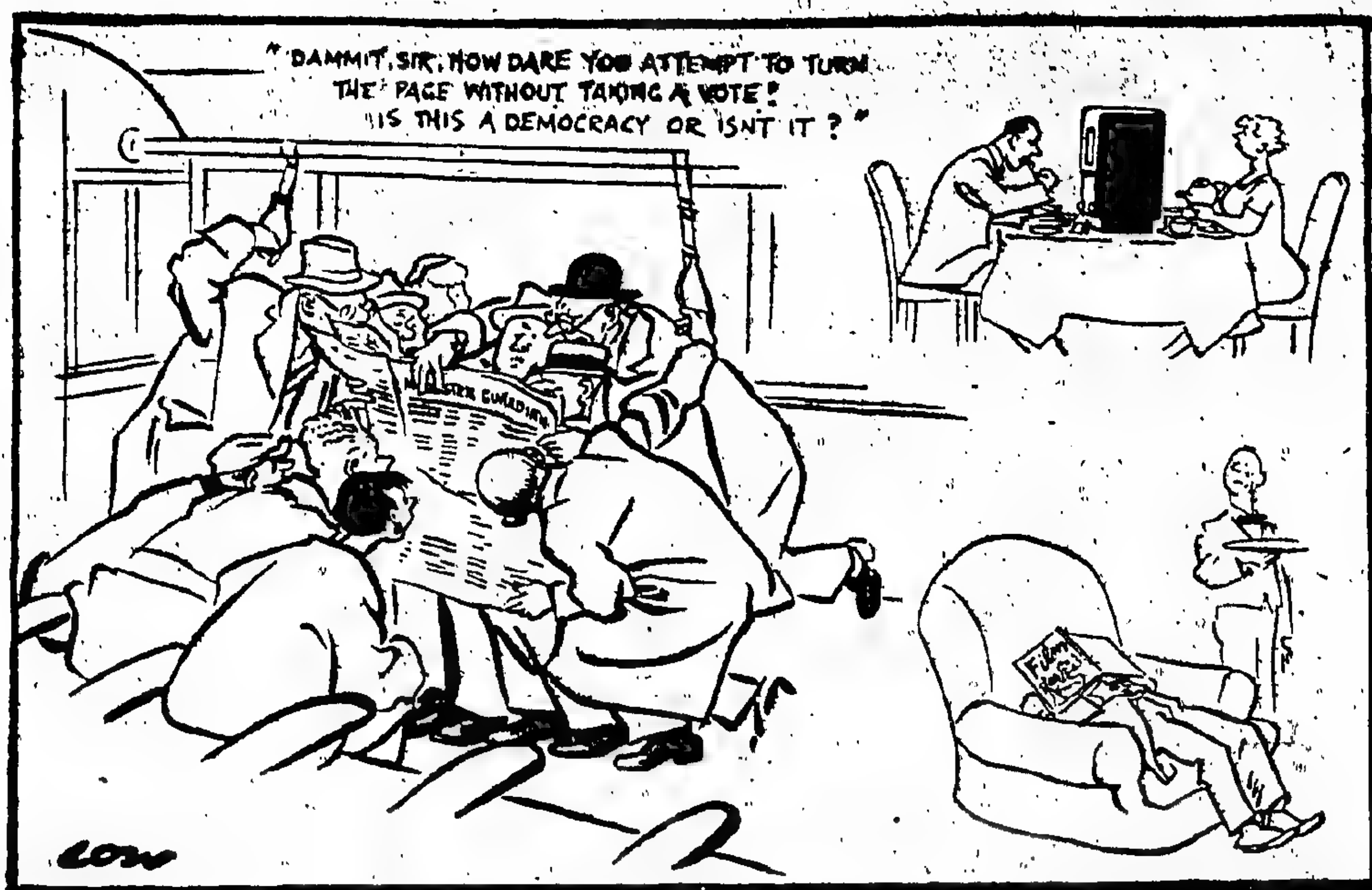
There is, of course, plenty of comfort in the Holy Scriptures, both Old and New Testaments. Job found his ultimate comfort in the philosophies of his so-called friends, now sarcastically called "Job's comforters" but in obedience to the will of God. The writings of the prophets, particularly Isaiah, are full of spiritual comfort and so are the Psalms of David, as well as the words of Jesus: "Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Philosophers offer comfort through a more limited nature. Plutarch wrote to his wife when their daughter died at the age of two years, calling to remember not the fact of her death but of the joy they had in her brief span of life. The great

international physician, Sir William Osler, has been quoted: "I would that I may not weep." Many great lay writers have compared death to sleep and many phantasies have surrounded the fact of death in an effort to blunt its impact and give comfort to the bereaved.

Comfort For Bereaved

Doctor Horan himself offered suggestions for those in sorrow in a remarkable paragraph which has the flavor of classicism: "To the voluntary of grief, we offer widows weeds and laced blinds, slightly open. To the passive and resigned, Isaiah's promise—God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. To the worker, like Madame Curie—to yours from falling hands we throw the torch. To the deeply religious, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. Concerning the old, 'now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word. And to all who mourn an untimely death, the pagan story of the afterworld where all is beauty and joy, except a small number who are weeping, they are the dead who weep for the living."



SCARCITY OF NEWSPAPERS

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Hunt For Churchill, Dead Or Alive

AN 1899 EPISODE TOLD BY L.D. DE HAAS

IN October 1899 I was at the front in Natal as a member of a volunteer cavalry commando, called the "Hollander Corps". We were out to defend the cause of the South-African republics—the cause which the people of the Netherlands had come to regard as that of liberty and justice. How much of the zeal of the young fellows who composed the commando was due to righteous indignation and how much to a youthful thirst for adventure is at this distance of time difficult to assess. Anyhow, the weather was radiantly beautiful, our horses seemed to enjoy the trip as much as ourselves, we had plenty to eat and good, strong Boer tobacco to smoke—which for most of us was a new and awesome experience—and not a care in the world.

I might have become a seasoned warrior if a telegram from Pretoria had not recalled me for police duties. The Capital's police force needed secretaries with a good knowledge of languages, for the populations of towns in the Transvaal were very cosmopolitan. And so it came about that I became a police officer. I had two assistants, a bright Boer lad, even younger than myself, and a Hungarian musician. There

was also, of course, the inevitable kaffir boy.

The days passed peaceably. I had requisitioned a small abandoned convent-school for an office. It contained an excellent piano on which my Hungarian performed whenever the spirit moved him.

On the morning of December 13 our beatitude was rudely broken into by a telephone call from headquarters. Winston Churchill, a prisoner of war, had escaped from the State Model school, the British officers' prison. HQ somehow seemed to consider me responsible.

I wanted to know what the excitement was about. What was there special about this Churchill chap? HQ rebuked me for my ignorance. Winston Churchill, it seemed, was a thoroughly dangerous individual who had, although a war correspondent and therefore a non-combatant, actively taken part in the fighting. He had sabotaged an armoured train in Natal... he was a "Jingo," he was "a son of the Duke of Marlborough" (sic), the voice on the telephone here became hysterical and told me in heaven's name to get on with it and to have this Churchill recaptured immediately.

An idea crossed my mind. I had read of a price being put on the heads of desperadoes. Why not do the same here? But how much? The Hungarian thought that £100 was sure to bring him in before evening. The

£25.

(Copy in turning page etc.)
Beloning uitloop van de de luit Christiaan van Vre v. van de speciale Constabel tegen vrye. dat den ontelende krygsgenoten Churchill
leuens of dore to daren kanten afleuens.

Remand de luit. Comm
Oude K...
10

£25 (twenty five pounds etc) reward offered by the Sub-Committee of Ward V to the special Constable of this Ward who brings the escaped prisoner of war Churchill dead or alive to this office by order of the Sub-Committee of Ward V. Sgt. Led. D. de Haas

24 Aug 1908
Bristol & Co.,
211 High Street,
Bristol.

I am much obliged to you for your covering a good wish. I look back with feelings of thankfulness to my share in that long South African story: & I earnestly hope that all will now be peace. I think you might have gone as high as £50 without an over estimate of the value of the prize - if living.
Yours faithfully
Winston Churchill

Africaner concurred. Having to provide the cash out of my own pocket in case of capture, I decided that £25 was ample. So I took pen and ink and there and there wrote the "proclamation" printed on the left. When it was dry I pinned it up outside.

This is the document of which an enlarged reproduction is placed on a table in the room at Blenheim Castle in which Sir Winston Churchill was born and where it may be seen by the thousands of tourists that visit the castle.

A description of the fugitive was added to the proclamation.

Englishman: 25 years old, height, 5 ft. 7 in. m. average build, slight stoop, pale complexion, reddish-brown hair, almost imperceptible moustache, talks through his nose, and with a lisp.

At the same time we started a search. I called personally on the Bishop of Pretoria, accompanied by my two assistants. We were very young and rather shy. The Bishop received us most charmingly. He looked at the huge revolver in our belts and said with a twinkle in his eye that he hoped there would be no necessity to use them. I blushed.

The only suspicious object in the Bishop's home was a very

capacious oaken bin in the hall. The key, it appeared, had been lost. We replied that it was our duty to force the lock. His Grace acquiesced. We prised it open with a poker. It contained every article one could possibly think of, except Winston Churchill.

On December 21 it was all over. Winston Churchill had arrived at Lourenco Marques. A few days later he was received with bands and flags as he landed in Durban.

In later years, as a reporter and Reuter's representative, I often met Lord Milner and Lord Selborne. They were both highly amused at my Churchill story and I remember that Lord Milner, who had a very precise turn of mind, particularly wanted to know by what compensation I arrived at the sum of £25.

Happening to be in London in the summer of 1908, I read something in the papers about the forthcoming marriage of the President of the Board of Trade, the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill. I sent him a little note with my best wishes for his future happiness. His reply was truly Churchillian. I put it above in facsimile.

More than half a century has passed. I now quite realize that, in the light of subsequent events, my estimate has been too low.

Copyright by L. D. de Haas

Sefton Delmer In Bandung What A Beautiful Set-up For The Kremlin Boys!

THEY are holding a jamboree in the sun-drenched Indonesian hill town of Bandung next week. But look underneath and you find the smart new motor-cars belong to a small clique of political racketeers and their henchmen.

It is a political jamboree, an anti-Colonial gathering of Asian and African nations.

What a pity President Soekarno and the Indonesian Government are being so very exclusive and colour conscious about it!

They have blackballed Israel, that undeniably Asian newcomer to nation sovereignty. And as for non-Africans and non-Asians—why, they are not even permitting us to send delegates as observers, no matter how great the individual contribution of those observer delegates might have been to the liquidation of Western empires.

The fathers

WHAT a magnificent opportunity a congress like this would provide for our British Socialist leaders to visit this Indonesian republic, of which for all practical purposes they are the founding fathers.

The leader of the delegation should of course be Lord Mountbatten. For he is Indonesia's founding father.

If he, as Allied Supremo in Southeast Asia, had not authorised de facto recognition to Japanese puppets Soekarno and Hatta, well I think it is safe to bet Soekarno would not be president today. Nor would Hatta be his vice-president.

In fact, the whole of this vital area would bear a very different aspect.

So it is really sad that the Socialists and Mountbatten cannot fly out here for a week or so and give the once-over to the product of their policy, particularly at a time when the Indonesian Government is spending millions to fix up the place to look as attractive as possible.

Looking back

I AM inclined to think Lord Mountbatten would not be too pleased by what he would find.

Like Sutan Sjarif, one of the top Nationalist leaders of the anti-Dutch revolt and the first Prime Minister of the young republic, who is the leader of Indonesia's Socialist Party.

"I am ashamed to say," he told me two years ago, "that the vast majority of the population—the ordinary man and woman in the street and in the field—look back with longing to the peace, prosperity, and good order they enjoyed under the Dutch."

When I asked him this time if he still took this view, he said: "Yes, except that they have stopped longing or hoping for anything now. They just accept the morass we're in as permanent and try to make the best of it."

Mind you, on the surface the place appears happy and prosperous enough. Look at the laughing cafe-au-lait coloured maidens washing their linen in muddy Djakarta canals, soaking, soaping, and splashing each other, look at the long traffic blocks of motor-cars and bicycles in the streets alongside the canals, and you would think it was a boom city.

As it should be with Java's staple products, tea and rubber, fetching the prices they are

But look underneath and you find the smart new motor-cars belong to a small clique of political racketeers and their henchmen.

Workers are getting, perhaps, 20 times as much money as before the Japanese occupation. But their wages today are worth only a quarter as much rice as they could buy before.

Sold out

I AM informed that one of the biggest foreign rubber companies is trying to sell its holdings in Indonesia and get out. Why? Because it has found that over the last four years an average of 30 percent of its production has been stolen by its workers. There is no redress. Police just laugh at anyone who complains.

Many of the smaller foreign rubber planters have sold out to Chinese at derisory prices and left the country.

The Chinese just exploit the trees for all that they will give in quick, immediate returns; then sell the trees themselves for pulp and turn over a one-valuable rubber plantation to rice or whatever it will grow.

Round Bandung parties of squatters sponsored and led by the Communist Peasant Party have taken over thousands of acres from European-owned tea and coffee estates.

They do not cultivate tea bushes. Too much work in that. They have cut them down and just grow food for themselves and their families—one of the reasons why tea is scarce on the world market and is costing you more.

Double terror

OVER more than a third of the area which used to be the Dutch East Indies and which is called "Indonesia today," the Soekarno Government has no real control. The unfortunate public has to pay double tribute and submit to double terror, by day from the official tax gatherer and police, by night from terrorist bands.

There is fighting going on right now between the Javanese troops of the Central Government and armed gangs of the local population in three areas.

The Indonesian Army is hopelessly divided into a pro-Government and pro-Communist section mainly stationed in East Java, and an anti-Communist and anti-Government section based on Bandung.

In many parts of the Indonesian archipelago conditions are returning to the precolonial situation of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Then, foreign merchants made an arrangement with the local feudal lords to carry on their business.

The same thing is happening today, except that now the feudal lords are the local police chiefs, local trade union bosses, and, alas, all too often the local terrorist boss as well.

Cover all this sad chaos with a tangled network of Government orders and regulations and you have a portrait of a country which, if I am not very much mistaken, is well on the road to becoming the southernmost outpost of Communism.

Action cells

THE Communists have been sending batches of young Indonesian militants month by month to an "anti-imperialist academy" in Prague.

There they are trained in agitation, subversion, infiltration, and organisation. More than 5,000 graduates of the academy have already returned and are hard at work. As I have seen for myself travelling through the countryside again here, they have established action cells in even the smallest villages, each with a staff including at least one full-time paid worker.

They have organised an army of 80,000 veterans of the anti-Dutch insurrection and they are constantly recruiting more. Soekarno gives them his blessing.

Yes, it's a pity our Socialists are not going to be here to see how their friends are getting on.

Perhaps there will be another opportunity later.



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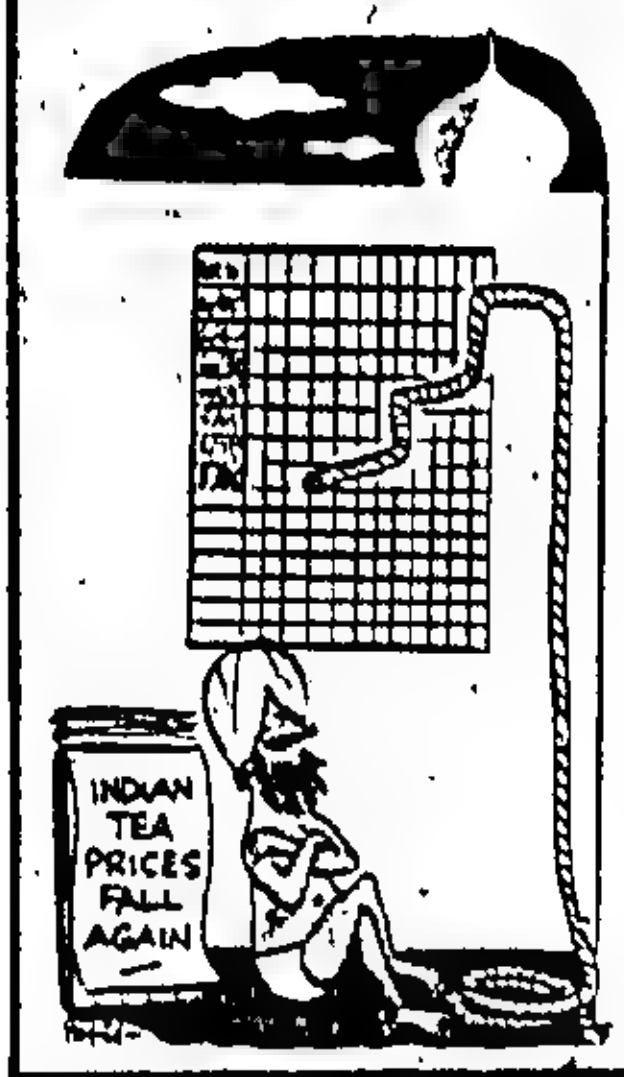
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ARTIE'S HEADLINE



A GHOST AT NOON. By Alberto Moravia. Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d. 223 pages.

ALBERTO MORAVIA began his career as a novelist early, before he was completely cured of the bone tuberculosis which

THE SURGEON OF ROME PROBES THE SPIRIT OF LOVE

George Malcolm Thomson on BOOKS

afflicted him until 25 and has left him with a limp. His first novel, *The Time of Indifference*, was completed before he was 20. Its tone suggests that Moravia was born (Rome, 1907) disillusioned.

A later novel slyly glancing at Mussolini's love affairs was passed from one terrified Fascist to another until at last it reached the Duce himself, who first ordered it to be published and, on a second thought, forbade Moravia to write any more under his own name.

During the Nazi occupation of Italy Moravia was tipped off that the SS were about to pounce on him; with his wife, he spent the next eight months hiding in a hut high up in the Apennines.

A symbol

He survived the hardships of war to make the most remarkable fiction reputation of the post-war era—especially with *The Woman of Rome*, the down-to-earth, deeply human story of an Italian street-walker, a sensual, simple-hearted girl who is (Moravia claims) a symbol of modern Italy. For Italy fell victim to Fascism as Adriana (the Woman) was ruined by a murderer.

What are the qualities in Moravia which have made so powerful an appeal to a public numbered in millions? He keeps his narrative in brisk movement; his probing into character goes deep, but the surgical work is quickly done. His subplots never lead him into obscurity or "preciousness."

Each new-revealed facet of personality corresponds to some truth about humanity which every reader can recognise. His view of life is harsh but, if there is little compassion, there is a warmth of comradeship—we are all in the mess together. He has few illusions; cynicism. There is no exhibitionism about his bare, taut style. And his characters are marked by the imperfection of life—thus even in the worst of them there is something not wholly bad.

In his new novel, *A Ghost at Noon*, Riccardo Molteni, a struggling journalist has at last, when the action opens, been able to give his wife what her heart is set on—a decent home of her own. Emilia has longed for this house as passionately as other women long for children.

Riccardo to please his wife sacrifices his own dream of serious literary fame and becomes a well-paid script-writer to a film tycoon named Battista.

with its more brilliant predecessor, *The Woman of Rome*, one important quality, an assiduous and unshaken attention to the truth about men, women and their relations in love and out of it.

GEORGIANA: Extracts from correspondence of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. Edited by the Earl of Bessborough. Murray. 25s. 308 pages.

GEORGIANA, first wife of the fifth Duke of Devonshire, was a great beauty (in spite of the evidence of portraits); a wild gambler—forever deep in debt; a Whig hostess. At the climax of her political career, she kissed a butcher in the Westminster by-election of 1784, thus obtaining six votes for her candidate.

Charles James Fox, Salomons hired by the Tories to roam the town singing:

I had rather kiss my Moll than she
With all her paint and finery.
What's a Duchess more than woman?
We've scander flesh on Portsmouth Common.

Fox was the seat of 236 votes. Georgiana's letters are those of an impulsive, affectionate, unhappy woman. And to whom does she write her warmest words? To her "ever dearest Bess," her "angelical angel," Lady Elizabeth Foster, who was not only the Duchess's closest friend, but also the Duke's mistress.

What is strange and puzzling to him is that this new area of prosperity coincides with a change in Emilia's feelings for him. She begins to despise her husband. But why? What lies behind her torturing coolness and the attraction she begins to feel for the vulgar, dynamic Battista whom she had formerly detested?

Molteni worries at the question while he collaborates uneasily with Rheingold, a German director, on a new film for Battista, a screen version of *The Odyssey*.

Only at the end does he realise that, in contrast to Battista's greedy selfishness, his own sensitive nature appears contemptible to his wife. He is not a man. He is someone who is given orders and a salary.

The only hope of saving his marriage is to break away from Battista and all he stands for. But by that time it is too late to put things right. Emilia has left in Battista's car—and is killed as a result of his too virile driving.

The story of a defeated love, put into the mouth of the vanquished, *A Ghost at Noon* shares

PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

BELGIAN SPORT

Belgian police, trying to break the cock-fighting boom, as good as admitted last week they were fighting a losing battle.

Every Sunday morning, police report, 50,000 Belgians watch cock-fighting, outlawed 25 years ago. And the sport is becoming so popular it is taking away supporters from Belgium's two national sports—cycling and soccer.

Defying police measures and warnings, the cock-fighters have made their sport one of the most highly organised in the country. The stars are the cocks themselves—ferce, tough birds, their beaks sharpened and with steel spurs two inches long attached to their scaly legs.

It is a serious business. While the cocks, often named after their owners—like "Jack the Miller"—try to cut each other to death there is no cheering. There are just murmured "ahs" and "ohs" as a bird gets home a raking slash.

Throughout Belgium the sport flourishes defiantly—it has an industry breeding 200,000 cocks a year for fighting and its own organisation.

The Belgian National Cock-fighting Federation, with 10,000 paying members, which provides referees for the Sunday morning bouts, and even publishes a widely-read monthly magazine.

The federation president is M. Rene Dugallax, a stocky railway-farmer, who says "Cock-fighting was practised by the ancient Greeks 2,000 years ago. They encouraged their children to appreciate the sport. So do we."

READING HABIT. One local bookseller in the ancient university town is doing booming business. In the middle of Britain's national newspaper strike, he put a sign outside his shop: "No newspapers. Have you ever tried reading a book?"

Surprise was that hundreds of students apparently decided to give it a try. After the sign had been up half a day, the bookseller had a queue.

TOO BIG FOR HIM. Hippopotami in Africa have declared war on railway trains. After at least half a dozen incidents in which maddened hippos charged trains—and came off best—railway crews were warned to keep on the watch for the animals and, where possible, to come to a halt when hippos appeared on the horizon.

But last week the tables were turned. A giant hippo charged a locomotive, got caught up in the whirling wheels, and turned into hippoburger.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY. "Music while you drill" is the theme of the ultra-modern dentistry exhibition now showing in Paris where everything is done by sound—from anaesthetics to cavity-boring.

There is now new hope for the man who hasn't been to the dentist since before the war because he can't stand the thought of that buzzing, whirling, devastating drill and the horrible hygienic atmosphere of the dental surgery.

CRY THE BELOVED. Into London last week bowed Johnnie Ray, the half-deaf, three-quarters Blackfoot Indian, who shot into fame four years ago with a song called "Cry" and has been keeping the teenagers crying with him ever since.

Mr Ray announced he had decided that he liked the English. Especially the reticent and old-fashioned English.

Feeling a lemon, he explained: "They treat me just like the kid next door."

After three years of being mobbed in assorted corners of the globe, he found it rather pleasant.

MONKEY BAN. Monkeys threaten an international trade and diplomatic crisis between America and India. Washington sent an urgent order to India for thousands of rhesus monkeys. Urgently needed for infantile paralysis research and production of polio vaccine, the order said.

But monkeys are revered in Hindu mythology. Indians are complaining to their government about exporting them to America. So a ban went up and now six thousand monkeys await shipment.

The ban is going to continue until India gets assurances that the monkeys are needed for the worthiest humanitarian purposes.

LOST AND FOUND. Nearly one million people disappear in America every year. Most of them are not criminals. They are not even missing wives. They do not of course run away as much as husbands.

The company's best record was made in finding 184,450 missing shareholders to force money on them. The shareholders had forgotten about dividends due to them.

THE BIG SNEEZE. England's rose is in the lead to become America's national flower by act of Congress. But a strong anti-rose opposition is appearing.

The anti-rose people demand that a native wild flower be picked. The Herald-Tribune proposes Golden Rod.

Writes in reader Melford Colebrook, sarcastically: "You say Golden Rod might serve as an emblem of some of the finest American qualities. 'Ray' fever, perhaps?"

SPRING MUSIC. TUNING UP THE OUTBOARD.

HOT DOG. YEP... SPRING IS HERE WITH ALL THE WORKS.

VEGETABLES. FROZEN FOODS. SEEDS.

PREPARING FOR THE ANNUAL BATTLE WITH THE CUTWORMS.

HOW ABOUT A SPANISH OMELET, A WELSH RABBIT AND SOME DANISH PASTRY FOR A CHANGE?

ONE WAY TO SOLVE THAT URGE TO TRAVEL.

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FROZEN FOODS.

Says "TOUCHWOOD"

in stamina. 'Now that the truth is conclusively out that we are one of

Tickets may be obtainable from Dr F. J. Molken, Room 4 Shell House, Hongkong and Mr. E. W. Carvalhal, Far East Motor Ltd., Kowloon. Booking of tables may be made directly by the ticket holders with the Peninsula Hotel.

(Signed)

An early blow to York City's hopes of a visit to Wembley came when Newcastle United outside-right White (on ground, back to camera) scored with a shot that had the York goalie well beaten. Newcastle won the replay by 2-0.—
Reuterphoto.

By DENNIS HART

This will be their fourth Final in six years.

Will he get it?

The ability is there all right. Hardisty is the key man in a team containing six internationals, and representatives from callings as varied as student, school-teacher, accountant, steel-worker, and cattle dealer with one member a railway porter, lobster fisherman and lifeboatman rolled into one.

But in their light and dark blue shirts—the original colours of the Oxford and Cambridge theological students who began the club 68 years ago—the Bishops are as one, with soccer in their religion.

Guarding their Wembley goal will be international Harry Sharratt. Marshalling the defence in front of him will be Corbett. Crosswell, son of famous England full international right back Warney Crosswell.

DETERMINATION

But Bishops' main power lies in attack on players like Seamus O'Connell, of Chelsea

He has the fire, and determination to convert to goals the craft of his fellow forwards, and Hardisty.

Is it then all over bar the shouting?

No. Hendon are a tough side to beat, based on a sound defence moulded on Arsenal lines by former England right-back Laurie Scott—they are a team that plays well against a classical side. "Let 'em all come" is the attitude of centre-half Dexter Adams and his men.

son plan to keep the other side out and snatch victory by a goal or two scored in snap raids. In left winger Eric Purker they have just the man for the job.

So there it is, on paper a stalemate. But with Hargis inspiring his team-mates and they in turn pulling out the bit extra for Hargis and his medal, I fancy Bishops will make it chameleon.

TODAY

Soccer
 Div I: Army v KMB (Club);
 SCAA v Chu (CH); Raf v Kwong
 Wan (Snp); Eastern v St Joseph's
 (Navy). All games at 5 p.m.
 Div II: SCAA v KMB (Club);
 SCAA v KMB (CH); Army v Gyn-
 nastic (Snp); Sam's v Eastern
 (Navy); Raf v Taikoo (SS). All
 games at 3:30 p.m. Police v CAA
 (Snp) at 5 p.m.
 Div II 'B' Dairy Farm v Prisoners;
 Southeys v L. Sai Wan; Dockyard
 v REME. All matches at 3:30 p.m.
 Jardine v Telephones; CMB v Trams;
 C & W v RAMC. All matches at 5
 p.m.
 Div II 'B' matches at Happy
 Valley.

A true sportsman, Hardisty has inspired Auckland to become the amateur team with a professional polish. He has long been the backbone of England's amateur international side and captained Britain's Olympic eleven. Had he chosen, he could undoubtedly have reached the heights in the professional sphere.

WOI P. H. Ward, RASC, one of the earliest members of the Hongkong Amateur Athletic Club, who is leaving for the United Kingdom next week, has been elected an Hon. Life Member of the HKAAC.

Long a member of the Committee, he was always a staunch supporter of the club's activities and has seen the active membership rise to the unprecedented figure of nearly 40.

Phil Ward was actually the first member of the HKAAC to carry the club's colours in competition. Shortly after the club was founded in 1952 he ran in the Colony Cross Country Championship and finished 10th.

When he settles in Shurcliffe, Kent, Phil Ward will take on the job of forming a United Kingdom branch of the HKAAC. Many HKAAC members in all the three Services have returned Home in the past three years and are still active in athletics.

FRED TINGAY BACK

Back in the Colony from long
ave is Mr Fred Tingay, Hon.
cretary of the Hongkong
ateur - Athletic Association
the first three years of its
istence. Returned to Hong-
ng also is his daughter, Julia,
rmer Colony Champion and
ord-holder in the 200 Metres
d High Jump.

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GEORGE, DEAR, WOULD YOU GET A SCREWDRIVER FROM THE KITCHEN SHELF FOR ME? IT'S A SURE

BANG!

THANK YOU, DARLING. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU SHOULD DO WITHOUT YOU

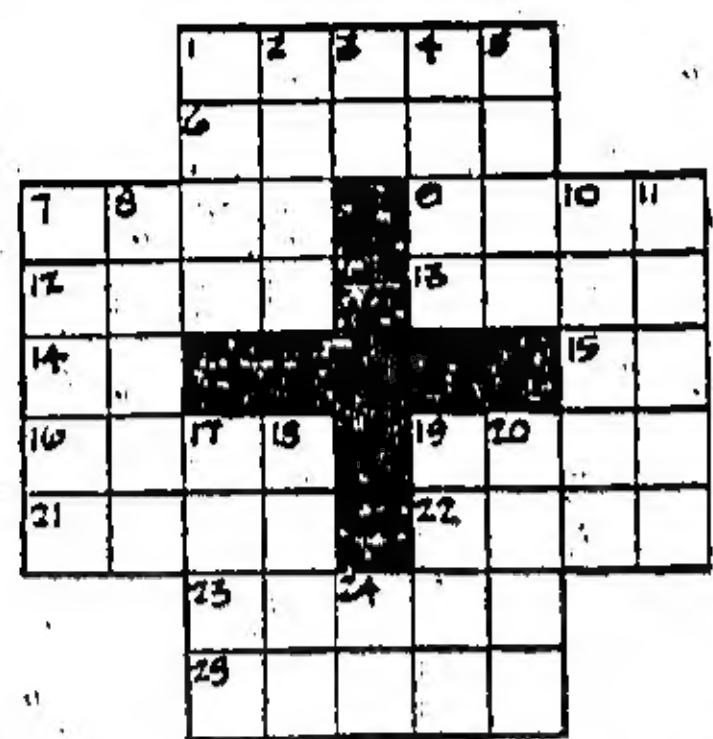
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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

Crossword



- ACROSS
- Conducts
 - Weird
 - Ring
 - Demolish
 - Sea eagles
 - Girl's name
 - Egyptian sun god
 - Bone
 - Small island
 - Uncommon
 - Jump
 - Writing fluids
 - Brown bread by heat
 - Domestic slaves

DOWN

- Slant
- Lampreys
- Measure of area
- Dreadful
- Chair
- Hazard
- Expunge
- Long-legged bird
- Facilities
- Tardy
- Epic poetry
- Get up
- Social insects
- Article

Diamond

Spring is NATURE'S awakening, which provides a centre for today's diamond. The second word is "a pillar", third "a dead language", fifth "wearied", and sixth "a boy's nickname." Can you finish the diamond?

N
A
T
U
R
E
S

He Makes Violins With Matchsticks

"TALL oaks from little acorns grow." So too fine violins spring from the lowly match.

This is accomplished by the expert craftsmanship of Karl Kohlbeck of Graz, Austria.

He found that dry matchsticks are highly suitable for making string instruments. He does all the work by hand. The matchsticks are joined together by his own special glue and then fitted to the desired form.

The handle, with its windings, is the most difficult part to make, requiring one hundred matches.

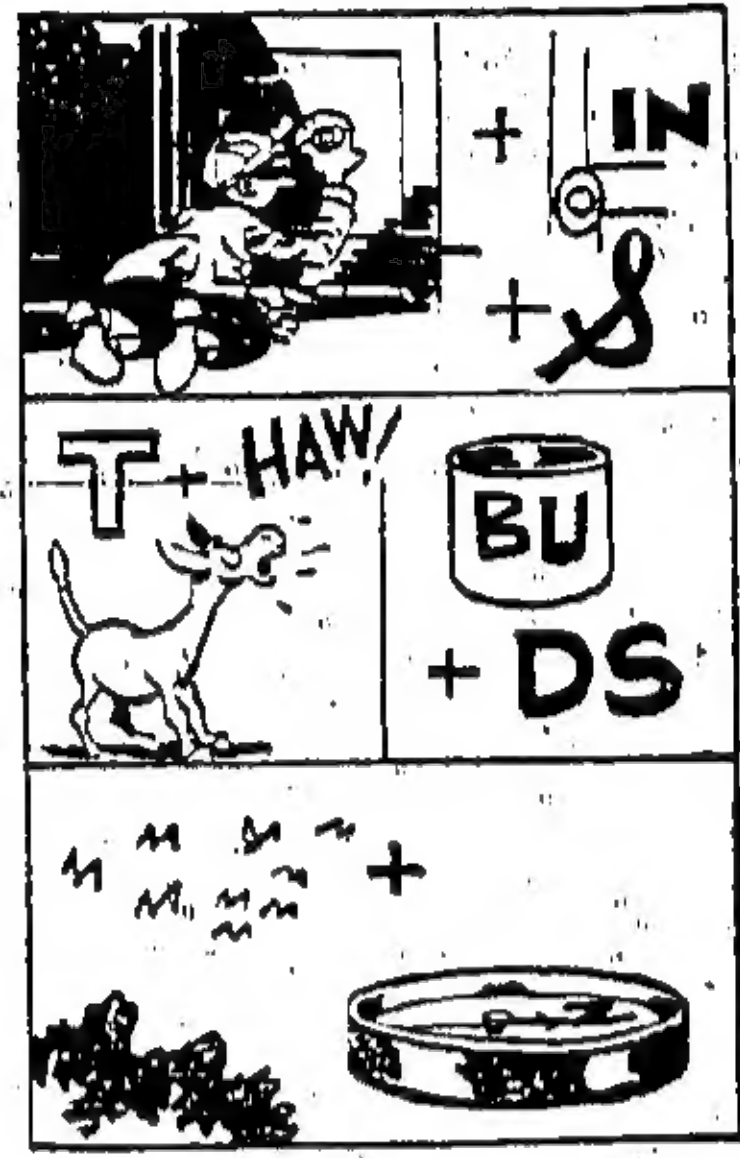
He uses 5,000 matches to build a violin and 15,000 for a guitar. Kohlbeck's product is durable and the finished violin gives a soft, clear and mellow sound comparable to instruments many years old.

Jumbled Sentence

Looks like the Puzzlemaster had a little trouble getting his sentence about Spring straight, so he needs your help. Can you make it read correctly? Is it to the of with awakening Nature, happy Everybody see beginning Spring its of

Spring Rebus

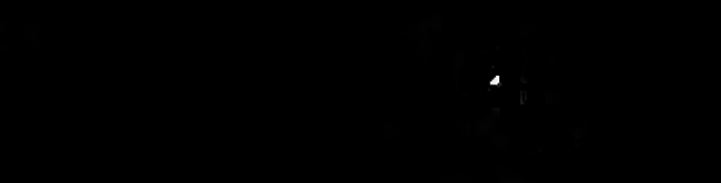
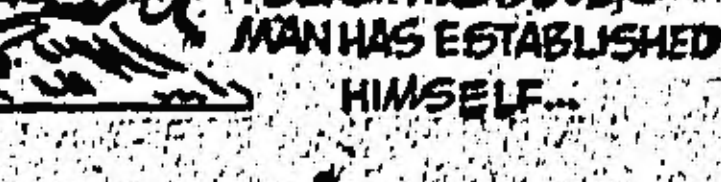
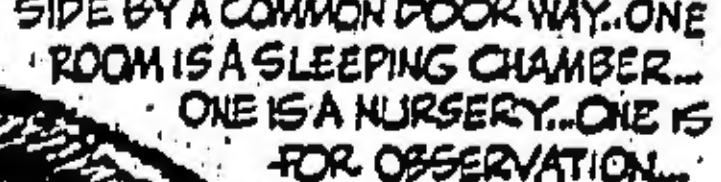
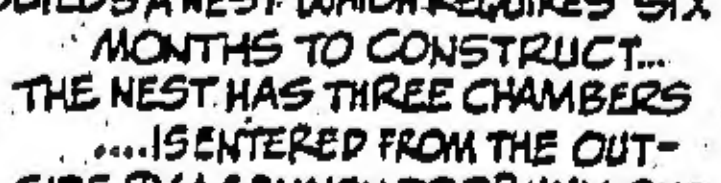
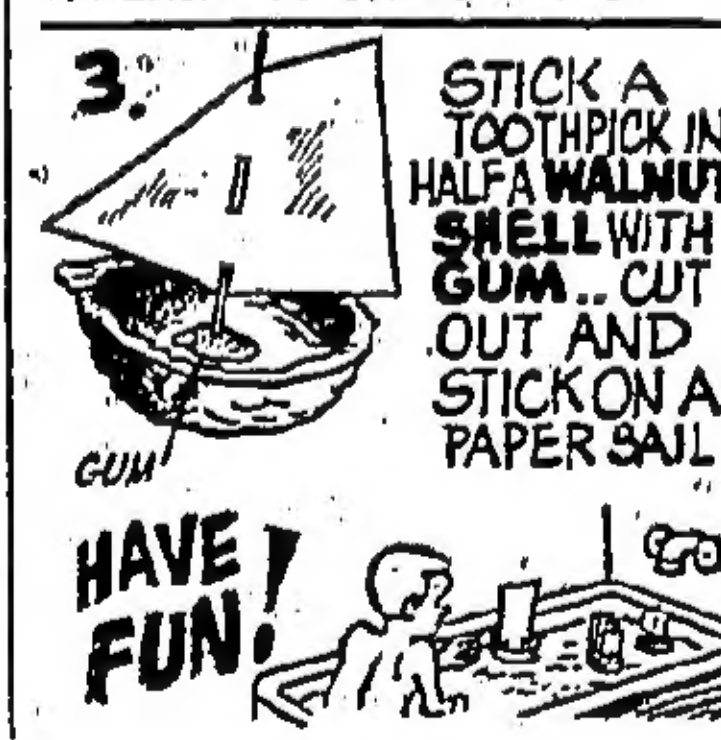
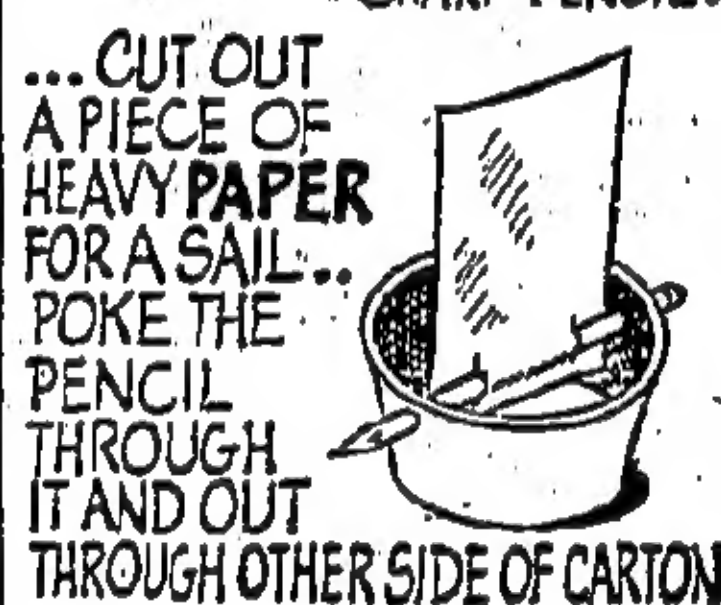
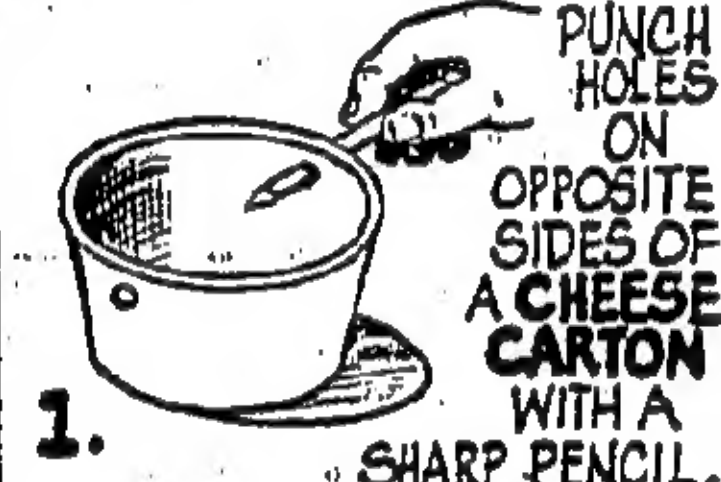
Four facts about Spring have been concealed here by the Puzzlemaster, who says you will find them easily by using the words and pictures to full advantage:



(Solutions on Page 20)

HOW TO MAKE BOATS

HERE ARE 3 QUICK, EASY BOATS TO MAKE.



The Sphinx Which Asked A Riddle

By EVVA BRINKER

If anybody ever says you are as silent as a sphinx, you can be sure he thinks you're a very quiet person. The sphinxes never say a word and never have. They are statues with the body of a lion and the head of a person. Usually the lion is lying down with two paws out in front of him. Some have the head of a man, some of a woman.

There was one sphinx that was supposed to have spoken. According to the old myth, it asked a riddle. This was the Sphinx of Thebes, in Greece, with the head of a woman. This sphinx, says the old tale, asked a riddle of every man who passed by. If the man couldn't answer her riddle, he lost his life. But the first man who guessed it was to become ruler of the kingdom, while the sphinx was to destroy herself. Here is the riddle:

"What creature walks in the morning on four feet, at noon on two feet, and at evening on three feet?"

Can you guess it? The men of Thebes couldn't either, says the story. And many of them lost their lives because they couldn't.

Then along came a young man named Oedipus. He listened to the riddle. He thought a long time, and this is what he said: "The answer to the riddle is MAN. And this is the explanation: As a baby, man crawls on four feet, that is, on hands and knees. As a full-grown man, he walks on two feet. And when he is old, he walks with a cane—that makes three feet. This is the answer to your riddle."

Now the sphinx was very upset, for Oedipus had guessed correctly. She would have liked to back down on her bargain, but she had made the agreement long before, and there was nothing to do but keep it. She slew herself, the story goes, and young Oedipus became king of Thebes.

Other countries beside Greece built sphinxes. Some were of wood, of pottery.

One of the greatest sights to see in the world is the Great Sphinx, startling monument in the Egyptian Desert.

What is probably the largest sphinx ever made still exists in Egypt. This is the Great Sphinx at Giza. It is carved in the natural rock there. And it is one of the few which have never been buried by sand.

For 5,000 years this great creature has looked out over the Nile valley. To give you an idea of its size, the face of the Great Sphinx is over 13 feet across—while the body is about one-third as long as a city block. The face, on the animal is thought to be the portrait of the man who had it built, King Khafre. Though the nose has been broken off, it is still a handsome face. Khafre also built one of the pyramids which are nearby.

This section of Egypt is a sandy desert with steady unfailing winds. Year after year the winds heaped sand around the statue till they hid the stone on which the sphinx lies. At times the sands swept up and completely covered the lion's paws, even gold and ivory. Some were worshiped. Occasionally a king had his slaves build an avenue of sphinxes—a street with sphinxes on both sides. Luxor, a town in Egypt, had such an avenue. It led up to a temple. One thousand sphinxes line the road—500 on each side. These are still in existence. They are sitting up facing each other. Once, all 1,000 were completely covered by dirt and sand, but now more are being excavated each month.

Time and again Egyptians and scientists from other countries have had big loads of sand hauled away from the Great Sphinx. Once long ago men even built a wall around it to keep the sand away. But as years went by, the winds swept the sands over the wall till finally the wall and most of the sphinx were covered.

Now again, men have almost freed the old sphinx from the sand. Today's visitors can get a good view of the man-headed animal. They can even see the stone on which the lion lies.

Where Can A Bear Go?—Teddy's Not Even Safe Under the Sofa—

By MAX TRELL

K'NARF, the shadow-boy with the turned-about name, looked under various pieces of furniture in the room until finally he looked under the sofa. Then he said quite joyfully: "Ah, there you are!"

A voice from under the sofa replied: not quite as happily: "Yes, my friend, here I am! I've been looking all over for you."

Hard to Find

"You have?" Knarf said, showing his surprise. "I've been looking all over for you." Finding it difficult to hold a conversation with the voice under the sofa, Knarf said: "I'm coming in."

Then he crawled under the sofa and sat down beside the voice.

It was quite dark under the sofa. However, Knarf had no trouble making out the shaggy shape of Teddy the Stuffed Bear to whom, of course, he had been talking all the while.

"Sit down and make yourself comfortable," said Teddy.

"It certainly isn't a comfortable place," Knarf said as he sat himself down on the floor. His head hit against the bottom of the sofa. "I don't know why you like it under here," he remarked to Teddy.

Not His Preference

"I don't like it," said Teddy. "Then why do you sit here?" asked Knarf.

"Because," said Teddy, and he hesitated a long time before he said the next words, "because no one else sits here."

"That's not a very good reason," said Knarf.

(Answers on Page 20)

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

THE POSTAL DEPARTMENT—perhaps with a sharp eye on the money to be earned from collectors everywhere—is concentrating on truly Egyptian themes and pictures which reflect the life of the people.

The new process of photographing—using the camera to make stamps more attractive—is playing an important part in the campaign to make Egypt's stamps ever better.

This one of the men with the hoe is a fine example of how a good photograph aids stamp design.

It is perforated 13½ by 13 and costs 24 in London. Colouring: purple with a clear background. A most attractive blend—J. A. A.

THE HAMMERHEAD, A BIRD OF AFRICA BUILDS A NEST WHICH REQUIRES SIX MONTHS TO CONSTRUCT. THE NEST HAS THREE CHAMBERS... IS ENTERED FROM THE OUTSIDE BY A COMMON DOORWAY. ONE ROOM IS A SLEEPING CHAMBER. ONE IS A NURSERY. ONE IS FOR OBSERVATION.

THE HOUSEFLY IS FOUND WHEREVER MAN HAS ESTABLISHED HIMSELF.

BULL FIGHTING IS CARRIED ON IN ABOUT A HALF DOZEN COUNTRIES.

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Larry Adler Excels At Empire

It was a remarkable experience to hear Mr. Larry Adler play on the harmonica music to which we are accustomed through the conventional medium of piano, strings or voice.

At the Empire Theatre last night, Mr. Adler displayed almost unbelievable virtuosity on this curious instrument on which, until Mr. Adler experimented, nobody would have dreamed of playing classical music. Its tone sometimes resembled the clarinet, sometimes the oboe, the saxophone and even the good old-fashioned accordion.

In the first part of the programme, the items were more startling and demanded the most intensive physical effort. The Jewish Rhapsody "Nigun" by Bloch, a sad and plaintive work written for the violin, and Enesco's energetic and gypsy-like Roumanian Rhapsody, which Mr. Adler (also a composer) has arranged, suited the harmonica well. Debussy's "L'Après-midi d'un faune," though strange, I found quite apt, for after all the faun might almost have been playing the harmonica instead of the reed pipes.

MISGIVINGS
The Bach group had, I confess, mixed with misgivings, but Mr. Adler has a proper respect for the Master, and his playing of "Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring" and "Bist Du bei mir" was unexceptionable, and the unaccompanied Gavotte skilful and delicate; though it could not reconcile me to hearing much of Bach played on this instrument. Yet, Bach had plenty of trouble in his own day through being unorthodox, and he might not consider the harmonica any more outrageous than our modern organs, pianos and giant orchestras.

The second half consisted of short and light works, by Beethoven, Liszt, and Garwin. Mr. Adler himself, and finally a brilliant transcription of tunes from "Carmen". The harmonica is perhaps more successful in the light and staccato sounds than, for instance, the vibrato, which at times was a little exaggerated. I think the microphone was inclined to distort certain sounds, and probably gave the instrument rather too much tone volume. But the ease with which Mr. Adler performs trills, double and treble-stopping and other feats is fantastic. The "four de force" was the "Ritual Fire Dance" of de Falla, with its terrific speed, brilliance, and drama.

FINE ARTIST
Mr. Adler is a fine artist and one feels that he could have played almost any instrument with both skill and feeling. One is reminded of another outstanding individualist who plays certain works on an instrument for which they were never intended—I mean the great guitarist Segovia.

Miss Isidore Ahwee, the accompanist, reveals ever greater reliability and sympathy, and contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion. The audience was disappointingly small, though extremely enthusiastic. There are still too many recitals, opportunities to hear something unusual. These concerts are the last that Mr. Harry Odell has arranged before his leave, and the musical public is grateful for his enterprise in bringing fine artists to Hongkong. Let us hope he signs up many more during his leave.—XXX.

BENELUX PROJECT

The Hague, Apr. 15. The Benelux project for further European economic integration has not yet been fully outlined and will only be so when the three Foreign Ministers of the Benelux countries (the Netherlands, Belgium and Luxembourg) meet, at the Dutch sources stated today.

The idea for the plan for European economic integration came from the Dutch Foreign Minister, Mr. Johan Beyan. The sources said that Mr. Beyan's plan provides for the creation of a single European market and a European customs union. Once the plan has been drafted it will be submitted to the Foreign Ministers of the countries of the European Coal and Steel Community when they meet at Luxembourg during the second half of May.—France-Press.

Israel-Egypt Border Clashes

GENERAL BURNS REPORTS TO UNITED NATIONS

United Nations, Apr. 15. The United Nations Palestine truce chief said today that the outbreak of Israeli-Egyptian border clashes since the Gaza raid of February 28 was mostly due to emotional tension and called on both sides to make local troop commanders prevent further outbreaks.

Major-General E. L. M. Burns reported to the United Nations Security Council on incidents covered in 45 Egyptian complaints and 35 Israeli complaints to the Mixed Armistice Commission since the Gaza incident.

General Burns was asked to report on later Egyptian-Israeli clashes when the Council followed the Gaza debate by taking up an Israeli complaint against Egypt for border violations. The numerous complaints since February 28, General Burns said, "indicate the state of tension prevailing along the demarcation line. The most important factor contributing to the increased tension is the mining of tracks used by Israeli Army vehicles. This new development may well be retaliatory action, by certain elements following the Gaza incident."

SUMMARY
His summary said: "In my view, a majority of the incidents listed above are due to emotional tension following the action at Gaza on February 28. Israel patrols which have been mined or fired upon follow around, close to and paralleling the demarcation line, which they have patrolled for several years but which makes them extremely vulnerable. "It would appear that the actions for which Egypt has been condemned may be due to unofficial retaliations by military or civilian personnel in the Gaza area and in some cases to the hasty opening of fire against what was believed to be a threat of attack."

"In any case," the report continued, "if the situation is not to continue to deteriorate, such actions must be repressed by Egypt, and, on the other hand, Israel forces must avoid any provocation or actions which might legitimately cause Egyptian forward troops to fear attack."

31 Soccer Teams For Olympics

The Hague, Apr. 15. The International Federation of Football Associations (FIFA) has definitely signed up teams from 31 countries for the Olympic Football Tournament to be played at the Olympic Games in Melbourne in 1956.

The 31 countries are: Australia, Bulgaria, Burma, Cambodia, Communist China, Nationalist China, Czechoslovakia, Egypt, Britain, Ethiopia, West Germany, Hungary, India, Indonesia, Iran, Japan, Korea, Mexico, the Philippines, Rumania, Thailand, Singapore, the Sudan, Sweden, Turkey, the United States, the Soviet Union, Vietnam, Yugoslavia and France.

The FIFA said preliminary matches will have to be played before the Olympic tournament because only 16 teams will be accepted for the finals to be played at the Melbourne Olympics.

The FIFA's Executive Committee will meet in London next May 6.—France-Press.

Singapore, Apr. 15. Thailand's Foreign Minister, Prince Wan Waiyayakon told newsmen here, on his arrival that Thailand was still opposed to the admission of Red China into the United Nations.

"Except for re-emphasizing that Thailand would insist on the adherence of the United Nations Charter," the Foreign Minister declined to discuss the Bandung conference. He said that he had not had a chance to study the agenda.—United Press.

He's Able To Relax In Hongkong

American businessman, scientist, philosopher and writer, Mr. B. J. Jerome, said today: "The thing that strikes me most about Hongkong is the peace and lack of worry about the future."

Mr. Jerome, who is on a world tour studying political problems and situations in different countries, arrived in Hongkong this week.

"Although Hongkong is so near Communist China and Formosa, we seem to worry about you much more abroad than you do yourselves." "In the United States the fear of a world war is foremost in everybody's mind. They seem to think that there will be a world war any day now although I don't think so myself."

"But in Hongkong there seems to be no tension, and I am able to relax for the first time during my trip." On the subject of the H-Bomb he said: "It will probably never come into use, the reason is that the fear of extinction is so great that no one will ever dare to use it."

"However there are many people who believe that we are moving towards complete extinction, although I don't think so myself."

**SUGAR RAY'S
Petition
Is Rejected**
New York, Apr. 15. Fred Saddy, Chairman of the National Boxing Association Rating Committee, said today an elimination tournament would be held to choose a new middleweight champion if Ezzard Charles won the light-heavyweight title.

Saddy said a petition by Sugar Ray Robinson for restoration of his old middleweight crown could not be approved. Robinson's manager, George Calmford, said last night he would ask the NBA to restore Robinson's title on the strength of his victory over Ted Olton. He said middleweight champion Olton had "lost his lot" among the light-heavyweights and thereby had vacated the 160-pound title.

"Olton would have to give up his middleweight title within 24 hours if he fought for and won the light-heavyweight title," Saddy said.

"I know Robinson is sincere about wanting to regain the title and if he keeps going the way he has, he certainly would be considered in an elimination tournament," he said.

"He has looked better all along," Saddy said, "he was sharp last night.—United Press.

MASTERS OPPOSE EQUAL PAY

London, Apr. 15. A conference of schoolmasters said at Buxton, Derbyshire, today that equal pay for women teachers was at the expense of nine million housewives "doing the most valuable work there is" in the home.

The 15,000-strong National Association of Schoolmasters ended their annual meeting with a resolution declaring that the implementation of the policy of equal pay would have injurious effects on the life of this country and urging all organisations concerned with the social and economic welfare of the people to oppose it.

In Britain women school teachers will not get the same pay as men until April 1961. After a long battle they were last month finally promised equal pay to be attained in seven annual instalments.—Reuter.

Aust. Declare 600 For Nine

Port of Spain, Apr. 15. West Indies, who had scored 40 for the loss of one wicket in their second innings, were 178 runs behind Australia at close of play in the second Test match here today.

Australia scored 600 for nine wickets declared in their first innings.—Reuter.

NEVADA ATOMIC TESTS Fall-out Barely Adds To Natural Radiation

Washington, Apr. 15. Mr. Lewis L. Strauss, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, said today that radioactive fall-out from the Nevada atomic tests has "barely added" to the natural radiation that is present everywhere all the time.

Attacking "reckless and alarming" predictions on the possible results of the weapons tests in Nevada and the Pacific, Mr. Strauss said:

1. "Medical and biological advisers of the Atomic Energy Commission are of the belief that the possibility of serious genetic effects from the small amount of radiation produced by the testing programme is remote."

2. "We find no data to suggest our weapons testing programme has influenced weather conditions."

3. "Generally speaking, the exposure experienced by the American people from the current Nevada tests has been less than the radiation they normally receive every few days from natural sources."

Testifying before the joint Congressional Atomic Energy Committee, Mr. Strauss said that the security of the nation and of the free world "is dependent upon the nuclear tests" in Nevada and the Pacific. The tests, he said, provide "vital data" available nowhere else for civil defence planning.

"Soviet Russia possesses atomic weapons; there is no monopoly for the free world. Therefore, we have no alternative but to maintain our scientific and technological progress and keep our strength at peak level. The consequences of any other course would imperil our liberty, even our existence," he said.

Mr. Strauss said that the AEC's February 15 report on the danger of fall-out concerned only the 1953 H-bomb test at Bikini. The report told how deadly effects of the particles covered an area of about 7,000 square miles. H-bombs are not tested in Nevada, or anywhere else in the United States, Mr. Strauss stressed.

NO CIVILIAN INJURED
"So far as we are aware, no civilian has ever been injured" as a result of A-bomb tests in Nevada, Mr. Strauss said. He

Red China Missing Link In Weather Network

Geneva, Apr. 15. Communists' delegates, bottled in strict secrecy today with the credentials committee of the World Meteorological Organization (WMO), over the claim that Communist China must be represented.

The question of Communist Chinese representation is important for the WMO because at present the Chinese mainland forms a huge gap in the world network of weather reporting stations.

The congress today heard regional reports of work done in the last four years, and its task now is to hammer out technical programmes for the next four years of vital interest to almost every country in the world.—Reuter.

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French Will Protect Haiphong Perimeter

Hanoi, Apr. 15. The French Union High Command has assumed responsibility for preventing the destruction or sabotage of public property during evacuation of the Haiphong perimeter, last French bastion in North Vietnam, the North Vietnam Radio announced today.

Announcing the terms of the protocol signed by French and North Vietnam officials on April 11, the Radio said that France agreed to repair or replace indispensable public property destroyed since the Geneva Agreements on Indo-China went into effect.

This also applies to private industrial property vital to the public, the Radio said.

NORTH VIETNAM RESPONSIBILITIES
The French are scheduled to evacuate the Haiphong perimeter by May 15. The French High Command has assumed responsibility for the transfer without interruption of the public services, the Radio said.

Similar responsibilities were assumed by the North Vietnam High Command in its evacuation of the Quang Ngai Binh area south of the 17th parallel, dividing line between North and South Vietnam, the Radio said.

Evacuation of this area is scheduled to be completed by North Vietnam by May 15.

The Radio said that both parties agreed to ask the International Control Commission to assign four mobile teams to supervise these operations.—France-Press.

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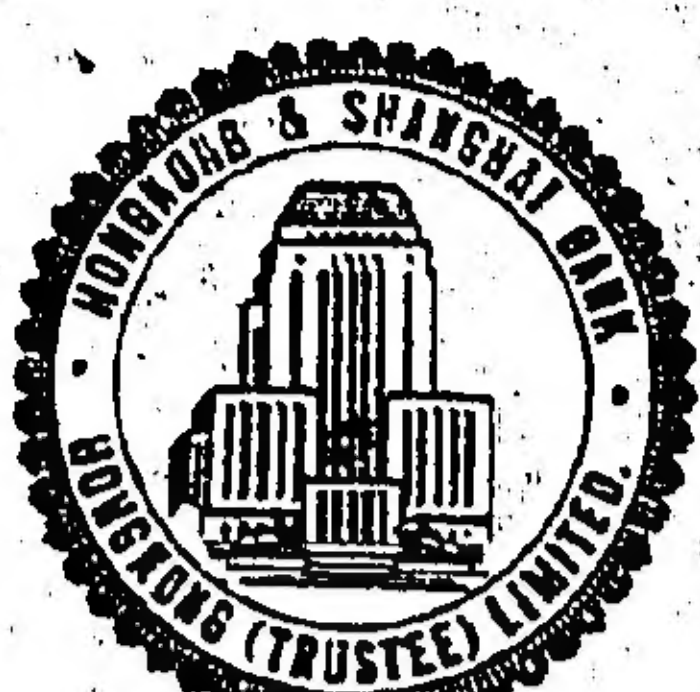
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NOTICE
HONG KONG SOCIETY FOR
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CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
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To co-ordinate the activities of
voluntary welfare organizations, and
to promote the knowledge and
practice of social welfare work.
Information will be gladly sup-
plied by the Secretary, Office: 403
China Building, Tel. 21708.

CHURCH NOTICE
ST. PETER'S CHURCH
The Mission to Seamen,
40 Gloucester Road,
Tel. 14221.
8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.
7.00 p.m. Evening Service.
(Other services arranged at any
time by request.)

FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS
SINO-BRITISH CLUB CHINESE DRAMA SOCIETY
presents
"The Sorrows of The Forbidden City"
Dialogue in Mandarin
ALL STAR CAST
Directed by YAO KE
from April 21st to April 23rd, 1955
at 8.30 p.m.
Admission \$15.00, \$10.00, \$6.00, \$3.00 & \$1.00
Tax incl.
Booking at Lee Theatre & Town Booking Office,
6, Queen's Rd. C.
BOOKING NOW OPEN!

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES
"PERSEUS"
Damaged cargo in this vessel will
be surveyed by Messrs. Paulsen &
Bayes-Dwyer at Holt's Wharf from 10
a.m. on April 18 and 19, 1955, and
consignees are requested to have
their representatives present during
the survey.
BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE,
Agents.
Hong Kong, April 15, 1955.

WANTED KNOWN
AGNES BLACK designs for those
of taste and discrimination. Jewellery
and glass necklaces; evening wraps
and bags; linen dresses and jackets.
81, The Peak, Hong Kong at
2 p.m. on April 15, 1955. The
corge will leave his residence at
1 p.m. on Saturday, April
16, 1955, and will be at
Tung Kook Road at about
5 p.m. Informant at Chinese
Parliamentary Cemetery, Aberdeen.
No flowers, by request. Donations
to charity.

DEATHS
KO-KO HO NING, aged 77, passed
away peacefully at his residence,
515, The Peak, Hong Kong at
2 p.m. on April 15, 1955. The
corge will leave his residence at
1 p.m. on Saturday, April
16, 1955, and will be at
Tung Kook Road at about
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No flowers, by request. Donations
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FOR SALE
GOLD MEDAL Enriched Flour,
America's leading brand, is now
available at the Dairy Farm.
AIR MAIL Letter Forms, 35 per 100,
10 cents per dozen. South China
Morning Post, Ltd., Hong Kong and
Kowloon.

**CLASSIFIED
Advertisements**
20 WORDS \$4.00
for 1 DAY PREPAID
ADDITIONAL INSERTIONS
\$2.00 PER DAY
10 cents PER WORD OVER 20
Births, Deaths, Marriages,
Personal \$5.00 per insertion
not exceeding 25 words, 25
cents each additional word.
ALTERNATE INSERTIONS
10% EXTRA
If not prepaid a booking fee
of 50 cents is charged.

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PUBLISHED DAILY
(AFTERNOONS)
Price, 20 cents per copy.
Saturdays 30 cents.
Subscription: \$6.00 per month.
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advertisements to the Secretary.
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KOWLOON OFFICE:
Salisbury Road.
Telephone: 3283.

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RUSSIAN
EASTER

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The Dairy Farm

THE DAIRY FARM ICE & COLD STORAGE CO., LTD.